

Several items in vol.

The last item is my sketch of
Logan Loveit Poetical Sketches



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ALL THE TALENTS ;

A

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN

THREE DIALOGUES.

~~~~~  
*BY POLYPUS.*  
~~~~~

If you would make use of BOLD PERSONS with safety, you must not give them the *command in chief*, but let them be seconds, and under the direction of others. * * * * *

These men when they have taken upon themselves mighty matters, and failed most shamefully in them, yet having the perfection of BOLDNESS, they shall make a jest of it, give themselves a turn, and there it finishes.

VERULAM.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

HOR.

SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE,
NO. 41, PALL-MALL.

1807.

[Price 3s. 6d.]

T. Gillet, Printer, Wild Court, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

PR
4069
B5a
1807

DEDICATION.

TO THE

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

WERE I to inscribe the following performance to Lord C-stl--r--gh, Mr. C-nn-ng, or any other illustrious Oppositionist, I should instantly be pronounced guilty of having composed it under his influence. Whereas, the various advantages attending a Dedication to your Majesty are obvious to all. A high title at the front of a book, is, I protest to

your Majesty, an indispensable point of decorum here. I therefore accomplish this important object to my heart's content, without being accused of seeking either places or pensions from my patron.

Another necessary ingredient in a Dedication is Flattery. Be a Poet's expressions ever so elegant, they will afford no satisfaction to the great man without it. He must rosin the bow, please your Majesty, or the fiddle will emit no music. With Flattery, then, your Majesty shall be plentifully supplied: and I shall thus do the duty of a Dedicator, without incurring the imputation of any sinister intent.

Allow me, then, to assure your Majesty, that the numberless graces you cannot avoid revealing, are few in number compared with the virtues you need not, and therefore do not reveal. Affable yet majestic, gentle without timidity, you cease to please only when you cease to be present. In short, your Majesty is just not a God, and yet you cannot be properly termed a mere mortal.

Whether this character be applicable or not, I cannot possibly make a guess, not having the honour of knowing your Majesty, even by hearsay ; but as your Majesty will never read this Dedication, apologies, I humbly conceive would be merely mis-

pending time. I therefore conclude
with assuring your Majesty how faith-
fully I am,

Your Majesty's slave,

To command till death,

POLYPUS.

PREFACE.

BEFORE my readers enter upon the following pages, I think it necessary to declare, that *they were written without any motives whatever of party, private resentment, or personal interest.* I am myself neither a link in the political chain, nor connected with it. I write to repress folly and to reform abuse; to shew certain personages what they are, with the faint hope of amending them; and at least to display them to the nation, that it may stand on its defence.

Men who have the courage to propagate

their own praises with a solemn unblushing face, are the finest subjects for ridicule upon earth; and none excite so little pity when found deserving of censure. Ministers modestly inform us that they possess all the *wit, vigour, weight, and talents* of the country. Now, were the country so silly as to credit them, and of course to follow them blindfold over hedges and ditches, the consequence might be rather mischievous. Even supposing therefore, I had no better reason for a faithful exposition of *All the Talents*, I should think this alone sufficient. Heaven knows how humble are my hopes of working a reform among them. I shall be perfectly content with lopping off a few straggling excrescences; and perhaps I may succeed in preventing the growth of others. Men are often more afraid of present odium than

of future punishment, and dread a Poet while they laugh at a God.

Yet I do not altogether agree with the *Pursuits of Literature* in its opinion of the all-commanding influence of the press. Doubtless it is a very consoling reflection to the Garretteer, that his volume may be more conducive to the prosperity of his country, than the capture of an island, or the defeat of an enemy's squadron. I fear, however, he only flatters his darling pursuit. Literature is of little avail, compared with oral intercourse. It may disseminate doctrines more speedily, but it does not invent them. The business of an author is to please, and he will always suit his topic to the fashion of his day. If he runs into morality while his readers are running into licentiousness,

he might have been admired indeed, if he had been read.

When a general propensity to vicious principles pervades a nation, vicious books may hasten the diffusion of them; and thus in some measure precipitate the consequent calamities. But if the public mind be not already prepared, books will matter but little. *Voltaire, Rousseau*, and other writers, accused of causing all the misfortunes of France, were also generally read in England; besides an immense deluge of our own authors who taught us similar principles. Why then did they not produce similar effects? Simply because the general sense of the nation was against them. If every French author had written against a revolution, he could not have prevented one. If every English author

had written in favour of a revolution, he could not have caused one. Unprejudiced men, who read books, are generally enlightened enough not to run into obvious error ; and if prejudiced, they will adopt false theories among themselves. Self-interest, or the semblance of it, must second general principles : it is the spring of all our actions, and books can do nothing without its aid. Books indeed work in daylight, and consequently appear the principal agents ; but it is the People who lay the foundation, and the writer only raises the superstructure. In a word, I look upon the purity or impurity of moral literature as the concomitant, rather than the cause of national prosperity or decline.

But while I deny supremacy to the re-

public of letters, I must maintain that satirical writings are the fittest literary instruments to reform public abuse. Ridicule is an irresistible weapon. It takes effect when all others fail ; and by treating grave follies with a ludicrous levity, is of more avail than volumes upon volumes of solemn reproof or of dry dissertation. The present little work is written with this conviction. It often laughs at errors which deserve to be treated more seriously : but had this been the case, the end of the satire would not have been answered. And here I beg leave to assure the heroes of my Poem, that I have leaned very lightly on them altogether. I have imitated *Horace* more than *Juvenal* in my portraits ; was more willing to display folly than enormity ; and have held them up as objects of ridicule ra-

ther than of detestation. I did not want to render them odious to the country, because I hope they will improve; and to hasten this improvement I have set forth their follies. After all, I dare say they will call me an ill-natured fellow.

As to the poetry and notes, I took as much pains in correcting them as I thought due to the Public; yet without being so unprofitably tedious in revisal, as to let slip the time when they might be of service. Such policy I consign over to the War-minister. As for praise, I do not expect much of it; and I hope I may receive some portion of abuse. Contempt is the only enemy that can disturb my serenity.

ALL THE TALENTS;

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Vidi ego lætantes, *popularia nomina*, Drusos,
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.

LUCAN'S PHAR.

SCRIBLERUS.

VAIN is the task in these degen'rate times,

To* lash the statesman with a rod of rhimes ;

* *To lash the statesman.*]—Were my friend Scriblerus acquainted with the sort of Ministry Heaven hath blessed us with, he would not think the task of correcting them a vain one. They are of late become so admirably pliant, that the fact is, I begin to look on them as a set of very hopeful gentlemen. They have already abandoned many of their old

Make Verse, fair vixen, musically scold,
And uncouth politics to metre mold.

pranks ; and thus by proving themselves men of no principle, afford us some hope that the country may yet be saved. Had they been sincere, we were undone for ever. But now, forsaking their old nests, they come hopping over Conscience to perch upon Interest ; and, like the saucy robin, to venture any thing for a crumb of bread. The *lex talionis* is fair, however ; so having sacrificed character to come into power, they come into power to sacrifice character. On this head consult Sir H. P-ph-m, *old Edition*. If this brave officer did *not* receive secret orders to make a descent on Buenos Ayres ; if,

* *Non hæc tibi littora suasit,*
Delius, aut Cretæ jussit considerare Apollo—

Then, I certainly will not attempt to palliate so rash an enterprise. But, at all events, nothing can excuse the petulant, predetermined hostility of Ministers towards him.

I wish Polypus to know that he mistakes Ministers grossly. Thank Heaven they were never made of malleable materials ; but, on the contrary, are as tough a collection of talents as ever England witnessed. Is it not this quality of toughness which has carried them thro' ? Did they not always continue tough to the principles they set out upon, tho' deserted and despised by three-fourths of the nation ? Did they ever coincide with a single measure of the old Party—even measures the most beneficial ? If this be pliability, I want to know what is toughness ?—*Scriblerus*.

So like to your Lord Virgil, *Lucis ore* &c. &c.

Themes more secure the feeble Muse besit ;
 Better preserve one's ears than prove one's wit.
 Fly party, and attend the truth I teach ;
 A foe to neither makes a friend of each.

POLYPUS.

Nay, this mild plant et R——* yet pursue,
 Whose saint-like meekness wou'd a world undo :
 Who hates all broils, yet when he interferes,
 With sad good-nature sets men by the ears.
 But times like these for manly candour call,
 And whom Laws scare not, Poets may appal.
 For me, 'twas ne'er my nature, or my boast,
 To sit demure and see my country lost.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet the reverse may prove as foolish quite.
 Must ev'ry man who loves his country, *write* ?
 All love their country in some slight degree ;
 (Small diff'rence there, perhaps, 'twixt you and me.)

* R——.]—I do not wish to specify this *personage* too particularly. He will, I dare say, recognise himself.

Ev'n *Thieves* are Patriots, *Traitors* feel remorse ;
 And L—— may love his country—*next his horse.*

POLYPUS.

What ! shall my muse in silent slumber bound,
 Rest undisturb'd while nations rage around ?
 Or, rous'd to writing, make her dainty theme
 A rose, a mistress, or a purling stream ?
 Like **Party-prints*, steal caustic from her lays,
 And oint with unguents of ignoble praise ?
 Calm shall she see the fever'd placeman rave,
 Knaves act the fool and fools enact the knave ;
 Old men grow boys, and boys (t'excel the type)
 Turn, like a medlar, rotten while unripe ?
 No. For my country let me draw my pen,
 Tho' C-bb-tt† rage and P-nd-r‡ rise again ;

* *Party-prints.*]—Such as a paper called the “ *Oracle and True Briton*,” or some such name. The thing, however, is not worth abusing.

† C-bb-tt.]—This man had once a sort of asinine sturdiness about him, that used to pass off for honesty. Poor Peter ! they talked too of his fine writing. . . But *peritura parcite chartæ !*

‡ P-nd-r.]—P. P-nd-r dropped his pen while in the act of

That pert divine, who, graceless in his scroll,
 Lampoon'd his King, and dubb'd his God a droll:
 Truth is my trust—let L-wr-nce deal in fiction,
 And run full tilt against his own conviction.
 I ne'er paid court to pow'r, or high degree—
 If Pitt was haughty, I was proud as he:
 Superior to his smiles, approv'd his plan;
 Friend to the Minister, and not the man.

SCRIBLERUS.

O for a thund'ring tongue, like Fox's own,
 To stun perverse opinion into stone!
 Fox! at that name how throbs my swelling breast,
 Mourns thy sad fall and bids thy spirit rest.
 Yet H-w-ck* lives—a firm, unblemish'd soul,
 True to the state, as needle to the pole;

snatching at a pension. Mr. C-lm-n has, it seems, picked it out of the mud; but, alas! the mud has clung to it ever since. Rarely, and very rarely, it is a *limum felicem*.

* *Yet H-w-ck lives.*]—The Public will better recognise this noble Lord as plain * Mr. Gr-y; new titles, new principles,

* *Mutato nomine, de te,*
Fabula narratur,

Who ne'er to wav'ring weakness wou'd descend,

But kept on snarling 'till he gain'd his end.

and new places having so totally metamorphosed him, that some of his old friends have actually ceased to know him. I am credibly informed he is growing gay. And yet I remember him a moody, melancholy gentleman, whom you would have thought time nor tide could change.—A positive bit of blood, that always came cantering at the heels of Fox and Sh-r-d-n. Did Fox protest against *war*?—Gr-y quickly set his face against *hostilities*. Did Fox declare that the kingdom was *ruined*?—Gr-y instantly found out that the nation was *undone*. Skilful in the analogies of the language, he seemed only to forget that *Truth* and *Servility* are never synonymous. Servility, however, is not easily got rid of; and Gr-y, while first Lord of the Admiralty, used to trot at St. V-nc-nt's* heels just as contentedly as at Fox's.

As to what Lord H-w-ck *is*, there may possibly be some doubt; as to what he *was*, there can be no doubt at all. If his name shall survive the injuries his country has suffered from him, he will be remembered as one of those unhappy beings, who, during that long and dreadful struggle for all that Englishmen held dear upon earth, stood aloof with a small, but desperate band, watching the favourable moments for incursion, and involving us in a predatory war at home, while the most terrible of enemies was assailing us from abroad. But

* By the bye, St. V-nc-nt always trod awkwardly enough on *terra firma*. He is not an amphibious animal, and has more of the shark than the sea-horse in his composition. Some say he has more of the crocodile than of either.

POLYPUS.

So at some door, a dog, with desp'rate din,
 Scrapes, scratches, howls, and barks—*till he gets in.*
 Yes, there I blame him. H-w-ck never stood.
 The *candid* champion of his country's good.
 When perils urg'd all bosoms truly great,
 To turn from faction and to save the state,
 Still he kept hissing with a viper's spite,
 And spit forth slaver as he fail'd to bite :

since his political promotion we have heard no more of his political principles. Let us then cheerfully submit to the smaller misfortune. The friendship of a reformed libertine is preferable to the enmity of a professed one. After ages will hardly credit the story of our adventures. At least they will wonder at our having escaped out of such hands ; while the names of a F—, a Sh-r-d-n and a H-w-ck will be abhorred by the gentle nature and adopted by the severe.

I do not approve of Polypus's comparing my Lord H-w-ck with a beast of burden ; and yet I am informed by those who know French, (for I do not), that the following description of a horse is applicable to him. *Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse—UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMANDE.* I am delighted with the stately grandeur of the words, and guess that they contain a magnificent eulogium.—*Scribl.*

Nurs'd us with curds of patriotic spleen,
And put a drag upon the slow machine.

SCRIBLERUS.

The gentle soul of H-w-ck long'd for peace,
And so he clogg'd the war to make it cease.

POLYPUS.

Then ought the Doctor (if I take it true),
To crush the fever, kill the patient too.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y with the war, the mouthing and grimace,
Was out of humour—

POLYPUS.

True, and *out of place*.

SCRIBLERUS.

He wanted scope to give his genius wings ;
*In** place and *out of place* are diff'rent things.

* *In place and out of place are diff'rent things.*]—The Talents have proved the truth of this assertion to a miracle ; by adopting, as Ministers, almost every measure, which, as Oppositionists, they had reprobated—*melius, pejus, prosit, obsit.*

POLYPUS.

So diff'rent, that a *frog* and *ape*, no doubt,

Have more similitude than *in* and *out*.

I doubt if their new recantation be not more disgusting than their ancient bigotry. But their conduct immediately on coming into power was more than disgusting. It was a tissue of absurdity, indecency, and arrogance, equalled only by the nauseous mummery of Buonaparte's bulletins. One Minister took peculiar pains to convince us that we were on* the very verge of ruin, and that nothing but the Talents could save us. Sh-r-d-n, too, seemed to lament our desperate situation with a plausible face enough; and

Twilight GREY,
Had in her *sober liv'ry* all things clad;

When, on a sudden, up rose the sun, the mists melted away, and the Talents assured us we were in *a more flourishing condition than ever!* Now for my life I could never see how they made it out. But taking their words for it, to whom do we stand indebted? Certainly not to the Talents; for they have been failing in every project. Yet this is no proof. The Talents have been failing in every project for these last twenty years, and the country has prospered accordingly.

* All that can be said in their favour is, that they spoke of "*dilapidated hopes and resources*," when they did not know one atom about the matter; and that they candidly recanted as soon as they began to learn their business.

Gr-y, like a *frog*, while out of office croak'd ;
 An *ape* in place, he copied, not revok'd.
 Extremes he seeks, and scorns his native mean ;
 Not firm, but stubborn ; sullen not serene :
 Means to be proud, but only pompous proves,
 And sometimes stuns our reason, never moves.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y is an honest patriot—

POLYPUS.

How d'ye know ?

SCRIBLERUS.

Half his harangues assure the Commons so ;
 And, trust me, *patriotism* is just like *powder* ;
 Useless while *mute*, and stronger as 'tis louder,

POLYPUS.

In truth, th' allusion is a luckless one,
 For sure as powder makes a noise—*'tis gone !*
 AMBITION is his bane ; a Demon dire,
 Dropping with gory dews and fluid fire ;
 Whose hundred heads bright diadems embrace,
 Whose hundred hands extend in empty space ;

High to the skies his ardent orbs are thrown ;
 He strides—and stumbles at the meanest stone.

SCRIBLERUS.

PITT had Ambition,——

POLYPUS.

Yes—of *noble* kind.

But Pitt's full merits if you wish to find,

* Ask Buonaparte, read the *needy* News ;

† Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.

* *Ask Buonaparte,*]—The little Corsican could never abide Mr. Pitt, whom he justly considered as the saviour of his country. By the bye, I think ministers would do well to cease boasting of the tender esteem and admiration, which, (*they tell us*) the first of all ruffians entertained for Mr. Fox. They had better be silent on that statesman altogether, than calumniate his memory by allotting such a friend to him. It is in itself an outrageous satire, and all who wish well to his character ought to contradict it,

† *Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.*]—It is a fact well worth attending to, that the industrious and enlightened classes of the nation went *almost universally* with Mr. Pitt. Exceptions there certainly were, but these exceptions usually betrayed in their conduct thro' life, either *hollow hearts* or *weak understandings*.

This last assertion is a sidelong glance at me. I know Poly-

SCRIBLERUS.

'Tis strange, I'll own, and quite beyond my wit,
That not a Traitor e'er spoke well of Pitt.

POLYPUS.

Yet 'tis a fact as strange, and just as true,
Gr-y is by Traitors prais'd and Patriots too.
W-nd--m's a patriot (as some wise ones say,)
'Connor, a rebel—both are fond of Gr-y.
Nor is it quite so difficult, I deem,
To learn the cause connecting each extreme.
For, as to form a bow'r we must incline,
Th' opposing trees to make their tops entwine ;
So where such men unite, since wide by nature,
The Patriot must be crooked as the Traitor !

Yet tho' vile traitors honest Gr-y approve,
Far be from him to feel a mutual love ;
Angelie Gr-y is like the Dev'l in hell,
Who hates the sinful souls that love him well.

pus thinks I have a weak head. With all my heart. At all events I'll teach him I have a bitter tongue; and he shall rue my resentment in the acerbity of my comments.—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In patriot love, can Pitt with Gr-y compare ?

POLYPUS.

Let H-w-ck rest—to pass him is to spare.

SCRIBLERUS.

* At least, my friend, you'll not affirm that Pitt,
Excell'd my H-w-ck in worth, words, or wit.

POLYPUS.

WITH TWO SOLE BLESSINGS PITT PERFORM'D HIS PART;
A GODLIKE GENIUS AND AN HONEST HEART.
† Need I say more ? to amplify were vain,
Since these alone all human good contain.

* *At least my friend, &c.*] I would not insult Mr. Pitt's memory by comparing him with Lord H-w-ck. Besides, in such a case, the noble Lord himself would have far more reason to complain. Happy may he esteem himself, if the future historian shall disdain to record either his character or his life.

† *Need I say more ? to amplify were vain*]—To enlarge on the character of this immortal Statesman would probably vex the Talents, and of course do them no service. But I will exhibit a portrait of an opposite nature, with the hope that

Yet will I praise him, when from toils retir'd,
 *Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd ;

ministers may avoid a bad example, tho' they may not imitate a good one.

Let me then imagine a man prodigally gifted with every blessing under the sun—birth, fortune, wit, wisdom, eloquence. With a soul that can pierce into the brightest recesses of fancy, and a tongue that can embody the visions she beholds. Let me suppose him marking his entrance into the service of his country by a breach of her constitution; while distorting the best of passions to the worst of purposes, he calls treason patriotism, and covers desperate doctrines with a decorous indecency of words. Laughing at subjection, yet himself a slave to party, he lords it over a rancorous faction; while boys disconcert the cabals of his manhood, and striplings repress the excesses of his age. In persecuting his country he is uniform and sincere; his principles alone are versatile and treacherous. The revolutionary mob, and the sanguinary despot, are alternate objects of his admiration. At length he tramples down the barriers of decorum, and allows not even an appeal from his heart to his head; from inherent atrocity to adventitious error. Thinking men are alarmed and desert him; fools adhere to his cause and are undone. Once found dangerous, he soon becomes flagitious; and his last act exhibits him vanquished by his own arts, and a dupe to the basest of mankind.

Let this portrait be as a beacon to *all* ministers. Wise men will read it and say nothing.—It is for the fool to assert its justice by uniting it with a name.

* *Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd ;*—I cannot contemplate this period of Mr. Pitt's life without the highest

But while the share his tranquil acres turn'd,
 Still with a Patriot's noble ardor burn'd;
 Saw there remain'd more duties to fulfil,
 And grasp'd the sword to save his country still!
 More awful with one boy to tend his meal,
 Than serv'd by senates following at his heel.

Yet will I praise him, at his latest breath,
 When firm, serene, a patriot ev'n in death,
 Not for himself the parting hero sigh'd,
 But *on his COUNTRY fondly calling, died.

emotions of admiration. I had thought the days of Roman magnanimity gone for ever, and in these times scarcely expected to see another Cincinnatus.—*Te sulco, Serrane, serentem.*

† *On his country fondly calling, died.*]—Let none now be so rash as to talk of Mr. Pitt's inordinate ambition, or assert that he preferred his own elevation to his country's welfare. If the words of the dying are accounted sincere, who will deny that *patriotism* was the ruling passion of this incomparable character? Pope says,

“ And thou, my Cobham, to thy latest breath,
 “ Shalt feel the ruling passion strong in death;
 “ Such in these moments as in all the past,
 “ *O save my country, Heaven ! shall be thy last.*”

Pitt realized what Pope only suppose'd.

O then how tears stole down each honest face!

*O then how Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!

SCRIBLERUS.

Let us with Pitt illustrious Fox compare.

Pass we the heart, to judge the head is fair.

POLYPUS.

If then 'tis just, as Fox declar'd express,

†*To measure merit merely by success;*

* *O then how Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!*]—Often, I dare say, (were I to judge by their after-conduct) did the jaded Oppositionists exclaim, during Mr. Pitt's illness,

* *Di precor, a nobis omen REMOVETE sinistrum.*

Οἰωνος ἀπικτος, say I, however; and I believe three-fourths of the nation say so too. After the death of that Minister they did not behave with common decency. The greediness with which they seized upon all places of profit,—even those which pride, and those which *delicacy* should have deterred them from appropriating—was odious in the extreme. I can almost fancy I see them, like a set of vultures, hovering over the Minister's dying moments, and with gross black wing brushing across his radiant spirit as it mounts into the skies.

† *To measure merit merely by success;*]—Mr. Fox asserted, that *success* should be the criterion of talent, on the night when

Since Fox in vain with constant struggle toil'd,
 To pull down Pitt, still tript himself and fail'd,
 Say, of the two, shou'd Pitt or Fox inherit,
 (By Fox's rule) the larger share of merit?
 More must I say?—

SCRIBLERUS.

Enough, enough is said.
 A gen'rous Briton wars not with the dead.

POLYPUS.

A faithful Muse disdains a partial pen;
 And if *Historians* touch departed men,
 Why may not *Poets*?

he so resolutely set his face against some honours which were proposed to his rival's memory. I do not adopt his criterion, I only apply it to himself; and is it not fair to convict a man on his own argument?

By no means. Such a mode of procedure, if generally practised, would ruin the country. For were men always to be convicted on their own arguments, they would always take care to talk sense. And if men were always to talk sense, there would be no difference of opinion. But without difference of opinion there would be no conversation; without conversation no society; without society no government; and without a government all would be warfare, anarchy, and no poet. Did I not promise you, Mr. Polypus, that I would be severe?—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In some years they may,
 When the world wipes its world of tears away.
 For think how mean to sting his tender friends——

POLYPUS.

Nay, 'tis to these, to these my Satire tends.
 Still in these friends his latent spirit lives,
 And to weak heads a dang'rous bias gives.
 They love his merits, but his faults pursue,
 And run a muck at Social Order too.
 Peace to his shade, be sacred all who weep ;
 *With his cold ashes may his errors sleep ;
 Yet, yet, his vot'ries let no censor spare,
 'Till they desert his tenets in despair ;
 'Till without pow'r to prop the falling cause,
 And † left at length by popular applause,

* *With his cold ashes may his errors sleep.*]—I have not the least desire to disturb Mr. Fox's repose. Not, because I feel that in enlarging on his character I should overleap any bounds of propriety ; but *because little advantage could now arise out of it.* I leave the full developement of his aims to the historian. In another century there will be but one opinion upon the subject.

† *Left at length by popular applause.*]—It is allowed on all

Apostates from his faith the zealots fly—
 So my glad muse shall bless 'em ere they die;
 Offer long pray'rs that they may die forgiv'n,
 And odds in favour of their reaching heav'n!

hands that the Foxites are falling into disrepute : and the reason is as evident as the fact is notorious. **THE FOXITES ARE IN POWER.** No longer champions in the mighty cause of nonsense, they have now degenerated into the mere men of business. The fiery war-horse is lopped of his flowing mane, and ends his honours under a waggon. However paradoxical the thing may seem, it cannot be denied, that the Talents have forfeited importance by coming into power, and that in proportion to their rise in the world, they have managed to fall in its estimation.

Mais c'est assez parlé. Prenons un peu d'haleine.
 Ma main pour cette fois commence à se lasser.
 Finissons—Mais demain, Muse, à recommencer

DESPREAUX

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DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Il y en a plus de la moitié qui meritoient de porter
le havresac.

LE SAGE.

POLYPUS.

BEHOLD, my friend, o'er Europe's hapless land;
Almighty Vengeance stretch its iron hand;
Its impious agent ev'ry realm enthral,
And with wide-wasting carnage cover all.

*The human fiend, each day, each hour he lives;
Still to the world some baleful evil gives.

* *The human fiend.*]—One hardly knows in what terms to speak of this little monster. The character is perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of human nature. It is beyond a Caliban; and he who would attempt to describe it must unite attributes

Oh, when he dies, what shouts shall shake the sphere !

New suns shall shine and double moons appear ;

which nature had always held asunder ; exhibiting at once the most terrible and the most contemptible animal upon earth. Meanness and magnanimity must go hand in hand ; and the conqueror of mankind must be coupled with the private assassin. He must shew him possessed of the highest folly in attempting desperate enterprises, and of the highest wisdom in accomplishing them.—Calm in conducting a mighty battle, and petulant in affairs of little import.—Never candid but on a principle of treachery, and adhering to truth only when he promises misfortune. Capricious in small matters, yet constant to ruling principles ; and capable of reconciling the most headstrong stubbornness with the most artful pliability.

Celerity is the great architect of his fortune :

*Dans la scene en un jour il renferme des années ;**

And, like woman, he will be lost when he hesitates.

As to peace with England, he will never make it, except in the hope of effecting her final destruction. *Delenda est Carthago*, is his professed motto, and he will never alter it.

However, on taking a survey of all the possible chances, I feel convinced he will never succeed, so long as we retain the sovereignty of the seas. England indeed may be made a bankrupt, but Europe must be beggared before her. As to conquering these countries *vi et armis* (even supposing a French army transported to our shores), the thing is impossible, and Buonaparte knows it. No.—*he must deprive us of our East*

*Boileau.

Death thro' the world one holiday shall make,
And hell get drunk with sulphur for his sake !
His throne a pile of human skulls sustains,
And bones that fell on those unhappy plains,
Where pale *Toulon* lay prest beneath her dead,
Where *Lodi* fought and fell *Marengo* bled.
Professing ev'ry faith he mocks his God,
And Virtue trembles underneath his nod ;
The nations crouching round, his pomp adorn ;
Britannia sits apart, and smiles in scorn ;
Calm and unharm'd amidst his impious ire,
While trembling millions from the strife retire.
So round some cliff when now the tempest roars,
And the weak Linnet downward turns her oars,
The royal Eagle from his craggy throne,
Mounts the loud storm majestic and alone;
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,
While roaring thunders replicate around !

Indies, before he can ever effect our downfall; and to this end, must march an army across the Asiatic continent; after having conquered Russia, and so totally subjugated all Europe, as to be secure of its tranquillity during his absence. He will never do it.

But now, rous'd slowly from her opiate bed,
 *Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head ;
 Feels round her heart the creeping torpor close,
 And starts with horror from her dire repose.

† Favour'd by Heav'n, let *Britons* bend the knee,
 And thank that awful Pow'r who keeps us free ;

* *Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head.*]—Europe as yet has only begun to move her extremities. The body still remains inactive ; but I think it will soon make a struggle, and the first attempt, if strenuous, will restore it. Tacitus has supplied us with an exact picture of European politics at present :

Rarus duabus tribusque civitatibus ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus. Ita, dum *singuli* pugnant, *universi* vincuntur.—*Jul. Agric.*

† *Favour'd by Heav'n, let Britons bend the knee.*]—I think I may say, (but meekly let me say it, and with awful reverence) that Providence watches over this empire with an eye of peculiar regard. ENGLAND SEEMS TO BE SOLEMNLY SELECTED AND DELEGATED TO INTERPOSE A BARRIER BETWEEN PARTIAL SUBVERSION AND UNIVERSAL ANARCHY : TO PUNISH THE PUNISHERS OF NATIONS ; TO HEAL THE WOUNDS OF AGONIZING EUROPE, AND TO SIT LIKE A WAKEFUL NURSE, WATCHING AT HER SIDE, AND ADMINISTERING TO HER LIPS THE MEDICINE OF SALVATION. We stand on a noble, but a dreadful elevation ; responsible in ourselves for the future happiness of the human race. We have a spirit, a constitution, and a religion : unrivalled, unparalleled, unprecedented. From

Own HIM our strength, on HIM repose our all,

Sedate in triumph and resign'd to fall.

these sources I draw my politics, and these tell me, we shall triumph. The *red right hand* of Providence is every where visible. *Even at this moment it is performing the promised work of PAPAL EXTIRPATION.* Persevere then, Britons, in the mighty task before you. To recede from it were ruin. Be firm and you triumph—fear, and you fall.

I do not know what Polypus means by his *Papal Extirpation*. I see no signs of any such matter. I grant that the catholic countries of Europe are daily dropping into degeneracy, and that the Pope is discovered to be neither infallible nor supreme. But then if we look to Ireland, we shall still see the spirit of that religion flourishing in full luxuriance under the invigorating auspices of *Gr-tt-n and Co.* And yet I fear these worthies are employing much pains to little purpose. Absolutely all hope is at an end, and Catholic Emancipation now goes begging from door to door, like a decayed gentlewoman. But if *Gr-tt-n and Co.* wish to give full scope to their talents, and serve these kingdoms effectually, by making converts elsewhere,—I would humbly advise them to take a trip to the black empire of *Hayti*, for instance: or visit the *Aborigines* of America. To be sure Ireland would weep at losing them, but then *tears always bring relief*. And even supposing the natives of Hayti or America so stupid as to suspend them upon a tree—still they might thank heaven such an accident never happened to them before. Besides, I dare say there is a pleasure in being hanged for the good of one's country, which

And thou fair ERIN,* plaintive in the lay,
Who steep'st thy limbs afront the falling day ;
Nymph, on whose lap the odour-dropping Spring,
Delights to lavish all his sweetest wing ;
Play'd on by priests, a sweet, ill-finger'd lute ;
An ill-train'd tree, but vig'rous at the root ;
Like nettles, harmless to the grasping hand,
But quick to sting, if delicately spann'd ;
Cease to complain ; imagin'd wrongs dismiss,
And greet thy sister with a holy kiss ;
Unite, unite, the common foe to quell ;
Thy native temper is not to rebel.

many sufferers may have *felt* indeed, but from the physical nature of the case have never been able to *describe*.

* *And thou, fair Erin.*]—I speak of Ireland as a nation only; and as a nation *she has not done her duty*. As individuals, I think the Irish merit much esteem. The profligate and idle, in general, come over to this country ; and we seem to judge of the number by the more unworthy few. Literature is erecting her head in the capital ; and some productions of much merit have appeared there of late. In particular, a satire on the players, entitled *Familiar Epistles*; which, in point of wit, elegance, and apt delineation, is not inferior to many productions in our language. It is said to be written by Mr. Cr-k-r, a young barrister of considerable talent.

For now,* what hope of heav'nly Peace remains,
Whom young Wars follow, and more rigid chains?

* *For now what hope of heav'nly peace remains?*]—And yet there is just as much chance of peace at this moment, as at the time of the late *glorious* negotiation—as the Talents would have us believe it. The Talents however were dreadfully duped in that affair—Credulity on the one side, and duplicity on the other, leaving us little else to admire than a series of polished sentences, and some logical small-sword. However, *Talleyrand* effected many purposes by protracting the farce; and amongst others, the neglect of *Buenos Ayres*. No pretext upon earth should have prevented Ministers from reinforcing that settlement at least two months before they thought proper to do so.

The Talents, indeed, triumphantly tell us, that it was retaken before succours *could* have arrived. But these succours were sent to *hinder* its being retaken; and therefore the Talents must have conjectured that it would not be retaken till *after* the arrival of these succours—that is to say, till *January*. Now the place was retaken in *August*. So here, at all events, the Talents were grossly erroneous; and it follows, that the earliness of the recapture (the plea upon which they excuse themselves) is the very circumstance which condemns them most! Tho' we lost the place before reinforcements *could* have arrived, yet reinforcements *could* have arrived before we *might* have lost it. The place *might* have been retaken on the *first of November*. The reinforcements *could* have arrived on the *last of October*. But if we must always determine the merits of a cause by consequences, not probabilities, why then B-r-s-f-rd and P-ph-ra acted perfectly right in having taken Buenos Ayres—because the event justified them; and began to act wrong in having taken it, only from the moment they surrendered. This is the

We fight for VIRTUE—*ceaseless*, 'till the Gaul,
Shall bite his native dust, or England fall.

Yet shall the Despot threat her fall in vain,
While British oaks supremacy maintain;
And our vast vessels, sheath'd in tawny ore,
Convey rich commerce to the shouting shore,
Where Thames, exulting in his golden cares,
On his broad breast a tossing forest bears.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, since the war *must* clatter round our sides,
Thanks to the stars, we* want not able guides ;

precious conclusion All the Talents would bring us to ! The fact is, however, that the Talents were too busy about themselves all the summer to remember an American town, taken by a Pittite. I am sure I can make every reasonable allowance for a new-fangled, merry set of poor devils, tumbling heels over head into places and pensions. I can pardon the ludicrous delirium attending a new title ; the gambols of mutual congratulation—here a wink and there a squeeze : all the Talents exerted in purchasing coats, hats, hatbands, and services of plate ; and I can even hear of the long laborious eating at cabinet-dinners, with the pity of a man who has felt hunger himself. Yet still, amidst gambols and hatbands, services of plate and haunches of venison, a map of poor Buenos Ayres might have lain on the table.

* *We want not able guides.*]—I cannot coincide with my

Themselves long time by Fortune tost about,—

A twelvemonth in, and twenty twelvemonths out.

Methinks I see them, like a vessel, driv'n

Low thro' the waves, 'till, wak'd by wintry heav'n,

friend Scriblerus. As yet the new-born Ministry have only begun to crawl. But I suppose he judges of the future butterfly by the present worm; and sees in its extreme ugliness the promise of much beauty hereafter. I think, however, the transmutation has more to do with metals than animals; and am able only to perceive, that men who were Brass in a bad cause, are become Lead in a good one. A few *rockets* let off at Bonlogne,—a fresh-water armament,—a mock negotiation,—late succours,—premature bulletins,—a Parliament new-modelled for a very good reason, and an army new-modelled for no reason at all;—this is what All the Talents have accomplished for us! This is the blaze which hath emanated from the Galaxy of political Geniuses! Yet it is but fair to confess that their speeches are sometimes very pretty; and at present abound with admirable squibs let off at poor P-ph-m. Indeed it is highly proper that those who begin with *sky-rockets* should end with *squibs*.

I could offer a hundred sharp things in refutation of Polypus, but am so angry that somehow I cannot collect my ideas. Silence, they say, is often expressive; and I think it cannot now do better than express all my arguments.—*Scribl.*

To the pale stars* some mighty billow rolls,
And bears upon its back a hundred souls!

POLYPUS.

Praise undeserv'd is insult in disguise ;
Take counsel, friend ; be silent, and be wise.

SCRIBLERUS.

Sir, I'll speak out—

POLYPUS.

And I'll be candid too,
Tho' B-df-rd † and fat N-rf-lk ‡ clap the crew.

* *Some mighty billow rolls.*]—The learned Scriblerus is pleased to place All the Talents on the summit of a wave raised by a tempest. Perhaps in nature he could not have chosen a more hazardous and *untenable** elevation for these charming men.

† *B-df-rd.*]—The present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The *last* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland carried with him the hearts of that nation.

‡ *N-rf-lk.*]—This nobleman is disappointed of the *blue ribbon*.—It was well observed of him, that he is fitter for the *blue apron* !

* I do not think the present Ministry will hold long. They have private as well as public politics—a motion round their own axis as well as round that of the state ; and its obliquity must be the cause of many political changes.

The down-hill road to Heav'n see N-rf-lk take.

Lord, what a chubby Angel he will make !

If, as I trust, by miracle of fate,

The portly Duke can pass the narrow gate !

SCRIBLERUS.

No venom sure at Gr-nv-lle * you will dart,

A Pitt in blood, and after Pitt's own heart.

Firm, ardent, zealous, faithful to his trust,

He copies Pitt and draws the portrait-just.

POLYPUS.

Ev'n Party's self in noble Gr-nv-lle see,

Worth, wisdom, wit and talents, all agree.

O firm in honour, and unaw'd by fear,

Bid him stand forth the strenuous and severe :

Cast o'er the state a parent's anxious eye,

Make Party join and feeble Counsel fly.

* *Gr-nv-lle.*]—I have a high respect for the virtues and abilities of this nobleman, and wish to see them exerted in a more decisive manner. He is connected with men who require controul, and who will not (if possible) allow him to remain on his present eminence. He must make many vigorous sallies, or they will undermine him.

This he may do ; and this if Gr-nv-lle will,
Love, hope and joy shall dictate to my quill.

Yes, in high Gr-nv-lle centers all my trust,
To steer the state, and hold the balance just.
In his firm bosom gen'rous sparks abide,
And no low passions impotently hide.
Enough of Pitt is harbour'd in his breast,
To see our rights preserv'd, our wrongs redrest.

SCRIBLERUS.

Alas ! our rights are fled.—No Whigs avow
The MAJESTY* OF MOBS and turmoils now ;
Or at the Club, with wine and anger warm,
Tip off a glass to RADICAL† REFORM ;
Make ev'ry man a Monarch—but a King,
Or talk to some such end of no such thing.

* *The majesty of mobs.*]—In other words, *the sovereignty of the people*. A sort of technical term among the Whigs; perfectly harmless, I fancy, and signifying *social life, as observable among wolves, savages, and other animals*. Some, however, assert that it is a pet name for the *guillotine*.—Scribl.

† *Radical reform.*]—Many say that *radical reform* (quasi *radix et forma*) signifies digging up an old tree, and making

POLYPUS.

The change of tenet proves the heart untrue.
 Who knows what system they may next pursue ?
 The beardless and the bald Administration,
 May shew us hell and swear it is salvation.
 Men faithless once are always faithless men ;
 Give 'em but scope, they soon will turn again.
 Yet groundless be my fears, as vain the aim,
 To soil the honour of a royal Dame ;
 Well-natur'd sland'ers ! ye but serv'd to prove,
 A fair* one's virtues, and a nation's love.

snuffboxes out of its roots ; and adduce Shakspeare's mulberry-tree as an instance. Others again derive it from *rado*, to shave, and *formico*, to rise in pimples ; and say that it refers to *Packwood's razor-strops*, not Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. What far-fetched derivations are here ! To me 'tis clear as the sun, that *radical reform* merely means *change of administration*.—*Scriblerus*.

* *A fair one's virtues, and a nation's love.*]—The lady to whom I allude owes less to the efforts of her friends than of her enemies. Her former popularity has increased tenfold since the late impotent attempt to diminish it.

Ὡς γυναι, ἔχον τις αἰ βροτων ἐν ἀπειρονα γαίαν,
 Νεικῆς

Odyss.

For shame, for shame! that one so fair, so good,
A beauteous Alien, sever'd from her blood;
Whom heav'n with ev'ry winning grace design'd,
The noble nature and the feeling mind;
Lost to all love and all domestic bliss,
The parent's care, the tender husband's kiss;
With not a friend to meliorate her doom;
With not a joy to sparkle thro' the gloom;
Save the fair Hope of whom her heart is proud,
The youthful idol of the wond'ring crowd—
For shame that she, so long by slander stain'd,
Who tedious months unjustified remain'd;
Clear'd at the last, shou'd harshly be deny'd,
To vindicate her virtues and her pride.

It is said that the commission for investigating into her Highness's conduct was not countersigned by the king. Of course, the commission was self-nominated, and the entire proceeding illegal. But formalities are only made for fools, and administering oaths or taking evidence unlawfully are mere *trifles* to men of talent. Thus then, this calumny lived and died in the true faith of its original church. The mysterious motives which gave it birth were admirably supported by the illegality which examined it, and by the cruel delicacy which suffered it to die unexposed.

Such were the wrongs, so piercing and so sore,
That hapless ANTOINETTE endur'd before :
When a base rabble, anxious to remove,
" A fair one's virtues and a nation's love,"
The royal wife industriously defame,
And with impure reproaches blot her name.

O THOU, who shrink'st, all-conscious, from my song,
Time may be still when Heav'n shall wreak the wrong!

HEALTH TO THE KING! *the more I think*, I give
This heart-felt utt'rance—MAY OUR MONARCH LIVE!
Yes, let the muse, unbrib'd, a tribute bring,
Of duteous praise, and pay it to her King.
A feeling tribute, issuing from the heart,
Not gloss'd by Flatt'ry and not strain'd by art.
He, friend to awful Truth, alike disdains,
The Muse who gilds a name, the Muse who stains ;
Pleas'd, if his virtues in his acts survive,
And fame more lasting than of verse derive.

O Piety approv'd! O heart sincere!
O fost'ring Mercy, and unknowing Fear!

From thee meek worth ne'er turns unheard away ;
 To thee poor wretches confidently pray.
 Thee, scorning pomp of retinue and plate,
 Prudence makes rich and virtue renders great.
 No rash desire to stretch thy graceful reign,
 Beyond the bound our equal laws ordain,
 Distracts the state—yet villains vainly seek,
 To bend the temper they despair to break.

Blest Prince ! from thee, let thy own Britons learn,
 The true sublime of moral to discern ;
 And as thy virtues joyfully they scan,
 Admire alike the monarch and the man !

SCRIBLERUS.

Now long live Sh-r-d-n !* a nobler soul
 Heav'n never form'd since worlds began to roll.

† *Sh-r-d-n.*]—I own I pity Mr. Sh-r-d-n, because he really *does* possess some good qualities ; and because *I know* that his way of life often costs him a bitter pang. Yet it is to be feared he will never amend it. Perhaps there is not in human nature an object more deplorable than the man of genius sacrificing the choicest gift of his God to indolence and dissipation.

POLYPUS.

Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying ev'ry week ;
And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs depose,
The short-liv'd lip and evanescent nose ;
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars,
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.

Nature intended Mr. Sh-r-d-n for a mere writer of farces. As to political *opinions*, I believe him absolutely incapable of forming any. The man never had a rule of conduct in his life. A perfect Epicurean in politics; he looks not beyond the deed of to-day; and all I am astonished at is, that in his hasty decisions he should never do right *by a blunder*. Yet I must acquit him of premeditated error. He never begins to reflect till urged by some sudden impulse of ambition, or vanity, or interest. No cold reason for Mr. Sh-r-d-n. Lull but his passions, and the little babe that sobs itself silent is not more harmiess than he. Thus his entire character consists in reconciling extremes. We pity his impotence when we do not despise his temerity; and we see with surprise that his judgment must be blinded by the passions before it can act with effect.

Now calm he lives and careless to be great ;
 Now deep in plots and blust'ring in debate.
 Now drinking, rhiming, d cing, pass his day,
 And now he plans a peace, and now a play.
 The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
 Or sweeps up jests and brandishes his brooms ;
 A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
 A mighty trifler and a sage buffoon.
 With too much wit to harbour common sense ;
 With too much spirit ev'n to *spare* expence ;
 To tradesman, Jockey,* porter, Jack and Jill,
 He pays his court—but* never pays his bill.

* *Jockey.*]—They tell a comical story of Mr. Sh-r-d-n, which I do not assert as a fact, only because I did not see the circumstance. Mr. Sh-r-d-n happened to buy a horse, but did not happen to pay for it. One day, lately, as he was riding his new purchase along Park-lane, he met his creditor on a pretty poney. The poor man, anxious to touch the Treasurer on the tender point of payment, and yet wishing to manage the matter handsomely, began by hoping his Honour liked the horse, and said he could also recommend the nag he was then riding. "Let me see," says Sh-r-d-n. "Upon my honour, a nice little animal enough ; and, I dare swear, an excellent trotter. Pray let me see his paces up the street." *By all means, your Honour.* Accordingly, *up* the street trots the simple Jockey, and *down* the street trots the right honourable Minister, ex-

By fitful turns in sense and folly-sunk,
 Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
 A splendid wreck of talents misapply'd,
 By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
 Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call;
 The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, but his *deeds*—his *deeds*. What say you there?
 Facts are the touchstones—Nay, friend, never stare.

cessively well satisfied, it seems, with the pretty little poney's performance!

Οὐτοι εἰσι γαλαντοι γιγνοι!

* *But never pays his bill.*]—The following epigram conveys a just idea of the way Mr. S. will probably take to liquidate all his debts.

"Dick, pay your debts!" a fellow roars one day.

"I will," replies this limb of Legislature.

"Then tell me, Dick, what debt you first will pay?"

"Why first I'll pay—I'll pay the debt of nature!"

POLYPUS.

I stare to see you *strive* at his disgrace.

Name then his deeds before he stepp'd to place.

SCRIBLERUS.

His deeds? A thousand!

POLYPUS.

Name 'em.

SCRIBLERUS.

Let me think.

POLYPUS.

Are they too num'rous? Then take pen and ink.

SCRIBLERUS.

He stood forth *Fox's* special partizan ;

Admir'd* the French *republicizing* plan ;

* *Admir'd the French republicizing plan.*]—He used to tell us that the French republic *deserved* success ; and endeavoured to palliate, as generous ebullitions of liberty, the charming murders and amiable atrocities of the Revolution.

A hundred disconcerting measures mov'd,
 And * the *Club-system* preciousl approv'd.
 Nay, he† join'd Pitt in *one* alarming case—

* *And the club system preciousl approv'd.*]—Scriblerus alludes to the memorable declaration of the Whig-Club, in which it advises the organization of political meetings throughout the whole kingdom; “*for the exercise,*” (I take the words “*themselves*”) *for the exercise of that just authority which the “popular opinion must ever possess over the proceedings of “the legislature.”* Or, in plain English, for the purpose of making the Whig-Club another national convention, and investing it with an absolute controul over King, Lords, and Commons!!! The French rulers, when they read the declaration, exclaimed, “*England is following our example, and will soon “become a republic!”*” But as soon as the reptile of innovation put forth its feelers, the timid nation took alarm, and many thousand Whig adherents, with a reverse of sentiment almost instantaneous, ignobly seceded to honesty and common sense; execrating those principles which they now saw must tend to overthrow every political and moral institution.

Queré.—Why do not All the Talents establish these political meetings now?

Simply because Pitt is dead—because republics are not in fashion—because Whigs are in power, and because 1796 is not 1807.—*Scribl.*

† *He join'd Pitt in one alarming case.*]—The mutiny of the *Nore*. This was Mr. Sh—n's political *unique*.

POLYPUS.

A flake of snow upon a negro's face !

Yes, then first reach'd by rays of heav'n intense,

His brain endur'd a stroke of common sense !

Alas ! alas ! let's onward to the tour.

'Tis sad to talk of patients past a cure.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, W-ndh-m, sure, on upright aims is bent.

POLYPUS.

So upright, that they hit him in descent.

O that the king wou'd dub him but a Lord,

To sit like S-dm-th, silent in reward !

For, spite of all his efforts and our pray'rs,

Heav'n* never meant the man for state affairs.

* *Heav'n never meant the man for state affairs.*]—I do not deny Mr. W-nd-m's talents, but I deny that he has talents suitable to his station. I believe ministry begin to think so too; and, were the truth acknowledged, already find him a most troublesome and dangerous colleague. He will consult nobody, and yet he knows nothing. Of course his party must either weaken themselves by opposing his measures, or injure the country by supporting them. Yet it seems his party do not

Plan-mad, and am'rous of th' unfruitful moon,
 Give W-ndh-m *Wilkins'* wings—an air-balloon;
 Let him blow bubbles, (*NEWTON* did the same),
 Or, like bland *Darwin*, winds and seasons tame;
 But thin-spun theories, a rushing mind,
 Imprudent,* injudicious, o'er-refin'd,

hesitate. The alternative is perplexing, but the choice is plain. For my own part, I have not the magnanimity of an Indian widow; and were I so wretched as to unite with a fool, I would not be so weak as to suffer for him.

* *Imprudent, injudicious, o'er-refin'd.*]—Mr. W-ndh-m has already heaped a few responsibilities on his own shoulders, which he will be lucky if ever he rids himself of. At present I shall merely mention the notorious instance of one Colonel Cr-f-rd, whom he has lately sent out at the head of an expedition. This redoubtable champion, whom nobody knows, (but who, for aught I can tell, might have heard a few discharges of musquetry in India), having got disgusted with the service, wrote to his friends to sell out for him. On coming to England, however, his martial spirit revived surprisingly—for Mr. W-ndh-m was in office. The Colonel burned for promotion, and the Secretary glowed with friendship. All this was an excellent farce, I must own; but pray heaven it may not end in a tragedy. For Mr. W-ndh-m, with the amiable ardour of a tender attachment, has appointed his charming friend, (who was one of the last Colonels on the list) to the entire command of an army! I can easily conceive the confidence with which the troops will follow him into battle, and how

Are failings far unfit a realm to guide—

Without sound reason, all is vain beside.

A perfect juggler in his plans of state,

He lays a system down, with solemn prate ;

feelingly they will cry, (while he is asking his officers' names) —“ Wonderful is our beloved Secretary, he hath charmed this “curiosity from the moon !” Mr. W-ndh-m, for heaven's sake, begin to think seriously at last. You are rendering your party odious, Mr. W-ndh-m. You are alienating the affections of the army, Mr. W-ndh-m. Even the volunteers, Mr. W-ndh-m, are already disgusted ; and as to your *grand military system*, the whole service (saving a few *Cr-f-ds*) absolutely laugh it to scorn. Cast away Vanity, then, and consult Conscience. The poor old lady is an invalid, and you will be certain of finding her at home.

Tho' the military system may have failed, yet it is not the fault of Mr. W-ndh-m ; inasmuch as he has spared neither pains nor money upon it. Nay, most unquestionably he pays eight hundred thousand pounds per annum, *extra*, in order to fail as a Secretary should fail, and to shew the people how œconomical Ministers are—Ay, œconomical, I repeat it. For œconomy consists in saving small sums ; and Ministers declare they will think no sum too trivial to look after. That is, according to the common adage, *they will take care of the pence* ; and as to the eight hundred thousand pounds, *extra* ; why —*the pounds will, of course, take care of themselves*. Besides, by the same inverted rule that we are to pay piles of money for failing, our successes, very probably, will not cost us a single doit.—*Scribl.*

Cries "*hocus pocus* ! prithee mark—look on ;"
Then turns about, and *presto—whip—*'tis gone !
Plan after plan the sad Enthusiast moves,
The patient House winks, smiles, and disapproves.

In ill-pair'd tropes our Secretary talks ;
Mud and the milky way alike he walks ;
And fondly copying democratic aims,
'Twixt high and low poetic banns proclaims ;
Now peas and pearls upon one chain compels ;
Now couples Hercules with cockle-shells ;
Adroit with gilded frippery to gloss,
The brittle temper of his mental dross.
Thus * Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse ;
His studied jests from merry *Miller* draws,
Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause.

Smooth to perplex and candid to deceive ;
Alike expert to wed a cause and leave ;

* *Irish D-yle.*—A General equally fond of warfare and old women's stories.

A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
 Good Sense itself seems Emptiness in him.
 In pompous jargon or low wit it hides,
 And very gravely makes us split our sides.
 Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
 The very *Sal Volatile* of wit ;
 Thro' the dark night to find the day he gropes ;
 He thinks in theories, and talks in tropes.

SCRIBLERUS.

Cou'd Wh-tbr-d catch a spark of W-ndh-m's fire—

POLYPUS.

To deeds more dang'rous Wh-tbr-d might aspire,
 But as it stands, our * *Brewer* has not *Nes*,
 To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.

* *Our Brewer has not Nes.*]—I fancy that our Brewer will not entirely coincide with me, as no man is more gifted with the blessed advantages of vanity than our brewer. He has the singular satisfaction of esteeming himself what the world vulgarly calls a *devilish clever fellow*. Now tho' the world may differ with him point-blank on that occasion, yet his merely thinking so argues, at least, much animal confidence, and an unlimited

See how the happy soul himself admires!

A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;

strength of imagination. Mr. Wh-t-br-d and the toad are equally devoid of several virtues ascribed to them. The mouth of a toad contains no venom, and its head no jewel. In like manner, Mr. Wh-tbr-d has neither harm in his eloquence, nor riches in his brain. After all, he can make a set speech pass off very prettily—if he be let alone. He can shew some ingenuity in pressing similies of dissimilitude out of the *Shop* and the *Pantheon*; but then come upon his flank with the cross-fire of a query, and he instantly falls into irrecoverable confusion.

As to the *comparative* wit, vigour, weight and talents of the present Ministry, perhaps I could not display them more plainly than in the following letter from Newmarket.

Occupet extremum Scabies!

Lately was decided here a most comical race. The Gentlemen of the turf having offered a large plate to the best *Ass*, in a five mile heat, (each riding his own ass), the following Noblemen and Gentlemen started as candidates:

R. Sh-r-d-n, Esq. who rode Jolly Bacchus.

Lord H-w-ck. Sullen.

Lord E—e Merry Andrew.

Mr. W-ndh-m High Flyer.

Lord H. P-tty Miss Hornpipe Teazle.

Mr. Wh-tbr-d Brazen-face.

Mr. T-rn-y. Bully-Hector.

His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,
Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.

Lord Gr-nv-ll-e led an animal to the ground, which, it seems, was not an ass, but a racer, somewhat resembling Mr. Pitt's *Eclipse*. At first starting Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus* had the lead; but her rider having neither whip, spur, or bridle, she was left entirely to her own discretion. And yet they say Mr. Sh—n is an admirable jockey. Lord H-w-ck's *Sullen* came next; a tough-mouthed obstinate hack as ever we saw, but with excellent bottom. Her rider was blinded in the very beginning by a couple of mud patches, and came in, a sad spectacle, groaning, and blasting his eyes. Then followed Mr. W-ndh-m's *Highflyer—proximus, sed longo intervallo*. Mr. W—m was dressed as a *Harlequin*, and retarded her progress extremely by his tricks—such as standing on his head—holding the ass's ears—and, latterly, riding like the *Tailor to Brentford*. Every one wondered how he contrived to keep his seat. Lord E——'s *Merry Andrew* succeeded, with new trappings, martingales, and surcingles; tail cropped and ears cut—yet still it was evidently an ass. Lord Henry's *Miss Hornpipe Teazle*, a little two year old, at first promised to do wonders, but lagged latterly, tho' her rider kept *plying his heels* the whole race. Mr. Wh-tbr-d's *Brazen-face* took sulk, and shewed* symptoms of bolting, being a thorough-bred

* Mr. W. shewed symptoms of bolting in the debate on the *glorious* negotiation. Is he not an odd character? His very virtues speak against him in the obliquity of their origin. He is consistent because he is stubborn. Stupidity renders him harmless—resentment makes him honest.

Slow, yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise ;
 We hate him first, then pity, then despise.
 The plodding dunce, a simular of wit,
 Lays up his store of repartee and hit ;
 His brain bedeckt with many a nice conceit;
 As bills of Op'ra hang on butcher's meat.
 The pains he takes to seem a wit, forgive.
 It is the Dunce's sad prerogative.
 For fit is he th' affairs of state to move,
 As Q——y, who lisps his toothless love.
 Puft with the Pride that loves her name in print,
 And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint ;
 Laborious, heavy, slow to catch a cause,
 Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
 And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
 Lights up his* eyes and offers to look keen.

ass ; and as to Mr. T-m-y's *Bully-hector*, it broke down en-
 tirely ; when both man and beast were so bedaubed with
 gutter, that the people mistook the poor ass for Mr. T-m-y,
 and asked it if it felt injured by the accident ? The asses
 kept kicking at each other during the whole race, which was
 won with some difficulty by Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus*, and
the knowing ones were all taken in.

* Κουας ομμεντ' εχεν.

But oh ! how dullness fell on all his face,
 When he saw M-lv-lle rescu'd from disgrace.
 Not more agape the stupid audience star'd,
 * When K-mble spoke of *Aitches* and a *Baird*.
 Cold from his cheek the crimson courage fled ;
 With jaw ajar, he look'd as he were dead ;
 As from th' anatomist he just had run,
 Or was bound 'prentice to a skeleton.
 † Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute,
 Wish'd to the Dev'l he ne'er had meddled in it !

* *When K-mble spoke of Aitches and a Baird.*]—I once thought Mr. K-mble classical, I now find him pedantic. In the name of common sense and the end of language, (which is I suppose, *to speak intelligibly*) what can Mr. K-mble mean by calling Aches, *Aitches* ? Does *Aitches* mend the meaning ? No. Does *Aitches* perform any one act either useful or ornamental ? No. *Aitches* then, it seems, is an old dead gentleman conjured from the grave, to terrify a worthy sentence 'till it loses its wits and talks what nobody can comprehend. I do not see why Mr. K. should puzzle an entire audience in order to shew that he once read an old edition of Shakspeare. And let me add, that his obstinacy in adhering to this absurd pronunciation, after the nightly hisses it experiences, betrays an ignorance of decorum and a want of humility, that always accompany much vanity and little learning.

† *Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute.*]—Poor Wh-tb-d, (so sadly did his party dupe him), thought himself sure of suc-

Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
 He sacrific'd his fame to M-lv-lle's harm,
 And gave more deep disgust, than if his vat,
 Had curs'd our vision with a swimming rat.

* M-lv-lle, poor man ! consign'd to party pique,
 Deferr'd the fate of nations for a week.

ness on that occasion, and also thought himself sure of a high place among the new ministry. All the Talents, however, appear to care very little about him or his hopes, and have, at last, compromised his very great feelings with a very small employment.

Have you watered the rum ? says a puritanical grocer to his apprentice. *Yes.* Have you wetted the tobacco ? *Yes.* Have you sanded the sugar ? *Yes.* THEN COME IN TO PRAYERS.

Have you impeached Lord M-lv-lle ? says a jacobinical party to its apprentice. *Yes.* Have you prejudged justice ? *Yes.* Have you resolved not to rescind the resolutions ? *Yes.* THEN COME INTO POWER.

* *M-lv-lle.* }—I wonder what this nobleman is about ? No negotiations, I hope. I used to admire the cool contempt with which he invariably regarded Wh-tb-d during his petulant harangues ; thereby annoying that doughty champion not a little, and auguring prosperously of the event. There was also another omen observable during the trial. The passage terminating near Mr. W——d's feet, was by some fatality or other, made precisely in the shape of a gallows!!!

Justice, turn'd scholar, chang'd her vulgar plan,
 And just like *Hebrew*, from the *end* began;
 * *First* found the culprit guilty, tried him *next*,
 And from *Amen* preach'd backward to the *text*.
 So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
 And salmon drift, tail-foremost, to the seas!
 To vex the *Scotchman* answer'd ev'ry end;
 Unhappy in his servant and his friend.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, † T-rn-y wants not wisdom, you will own;
 In strong rough reason T-rn-y stands alone.

Was this an *architectural witticism* of Mr. W--tt? However,
 I confess I was so forcibly struck with it, that I now never see
 Mr. Wh-tb-d without instantly having a gallows in my head.

Ille per EXTENTUM FUNEM mihi videtur,

Ire!——

Hor.

* *First found the culprit guilty, tried him next.*]

Ad fontem Zanthi versa recurrit aqua.—Ovid.

For in the first place,

Missi reportant,

Exploratores——

Virg.

Then,

Fraudis sub iudice damnaverunt.—Tac.

And lastly—Το ψήφισμα τον τότε περιζήσαντα κινδύνον παρὰ δειν εὐκρίνοεν
 ὡς πρὸς νεφός.—Long.

† T-rn-y.]—I am willing to handle this obscure person as

POLYPUS.

Thanks, Sir : the man's so mean I quite forgot him.

Still does he live? who wishes Pitt had shot him?

Why sits he silent? ah! how sad a case,

To lose one's tongue when one obtains a place.

But prudent statesmen knowing him of old,

Transmute his leaden terrors into gold.

For this arch-bravo, without much demur,

In a short space will *do your bus'ness*, Sir;

No man more happy to misunderstand,

Or put a duel neatly out of hand.

Let fools pursue Consistence—'tis his whim,

To make the slave Consistence follow him;

Not to prefer, (as Britons us'd of old)

The voice of conscience to the clink of gold,

softly as possible. When silence is a presumptive token of grace, 'tis charity to encourage it by not interrupting its repose. Alas! let us put a charitable construction on the case of this unhappy penitent; let us quietly allow him to "patch up his old soul for heaven," and to make this mournful lamentation;

Que j'ai perdu tout mon cacquet!

Moi, qui savois fort bien ecrire,

Et jaser comme un perroquet!!

But deem one purse of *tangible contents*,
Worth twenty bubbles, such as *fame* and *sense*.
Let him be mute, he may his pocket fill;
Guilty of gold, but innocent of ill.

SCRIBLERUS.

Come, curb thy Pegasus—such flights confound;
My senses wander and my brain turns round.

END OF DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

~~~~~

“ Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely *deformed*,  
 “ and with *dogs’ heads*; but what would you say if you  
 “ heard of men *without any heads at all*?”—*Goldsmith*.

~~~~~

POLYPUS.

* WHIG CLUB, I greet thee! hail thou † nurse renown’d,
 Of ev’ry virtue born on Gallic ground!

* *Whig-Club*.]—A set of “*robustuous periwig-pated fellows*,” who used to meet together at the *Crown and Anchor*, to settle the nation’s affairs, and drink its wines. However they happened to give offence to almost all the kingdom;
 not

† Tu quoque *litteribus nostris*, *Æneia Nutrix*,

Æternam moriens famam, † *Gaieta*, dedisti!—*Virg.*

‡ It may not be generally known that *Gaieta* is the modern *Gaeta*, whose little garrison lately made so gallant a resistance against the legions of Bonaparte. And here I must beg leave to disclaim the slightest intention of insulting that loyal little garrison, by having compared it with the Whig Club.

France to thine arms a bouncing urchin gave,
 Miss *Liberty*, who gallopp'd to her grave.
 In vain the babe for rights of man grew warm,
 Clapp'd her hard hands, and lisp'd "*reform ! reform !*"
 (As great *Sangrado*, apt at gradual slaughter,
 Was all for *letting blood* and *drinking water* ;)
 Our rugged climate and unwholesome fare,
 Nipp'd the sweet bud in spite of all thy care.
 Ah, gentle Club ! full many a tedious hour,
Meek patience and *Long suff'ring* were thy dow'r !
 From thy black trumpet sounding vain alarms,
 And dressing grim designs in gaudy charms.

not indeed by broaching hogsheads, but by broaching opinions.—Stupid people not easily discerning between licentiousness and badinage ; that saying much is meaning little ; that we may start new sentiments to pull down old ministers ; and that to be known, we must often be notorious. Of late years, however, all its enthusiasm has died away, owing to disappointed aims and the contempt it universally excited. Besides, at present its members meet at St. James's as well as at the Crown and Anchor, are no longer called demagogues but ministers, and live by taxes instead of contributions.

N. B. His grace of Norfolk's *coyness* in giving the *Sovereignty of the People* at the last anniversary meeting was rather ludicrous. It spoke volumes.

Words were thy feeble weapons—bold thy blows ;
 No Caution press'd her finger on her nose.

There after F— his rash oration spoke,
 The gentle Jacobins begin to joke ;
 * Like veins, breathe bottles, and the blood imbibe,
 While dancing candles double on the tribe.
 Each toasts the easy goddess of his whim.
 The laughing liquor overlooks the rim.
 All fish for wit—some troll a fruitful flood.
 Thick Wh-tb-d angles in his native mud ;
 In playful sarcasm *Dick* and *Charly* toy ;
 † Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy ;
 Loud laughs around the toping table run,
 ‡ And E—— drops th' abortion of a pun.

* *Like veins, breathe bottles and the blood imbibe.*]—Now, however, the Whig drinks more classically, and we may say without a synecdoche,

Ille impiger hausit,
 Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit AURO!—*Virg.*

† *Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy.*]—I have heard H-w-ck attempt to trifle and be playful ; but it was always *magno conatu nugas*—A Hercules at the distaff.

‡ *And E—— drops th' abortion of a pun.*]—This facetious punster is now to be seen for nothing at Westminster-Hall.

SCRIBLERUS.

What tho' he pun and prove a table's curse ?
 Thank heav'n, his blackest foe can say no worse.
 What tho' he sit uncouth in ermin'd pelf,
 And prate prodigiously about *himself* ;
 * Laugh at his own conceits, and vaunt his law,
 While the tir'd hearer dislocates his jaw ?
 What tho' *St. Martin's*, quartering her hours,
 More seldom addle with her brazen pow'rs ?
 Yet still his worth, wit, wisdom, all must own—

POLYPUS.

And having all, that he well uses none.
 Here is a man with ev'ry grace endu'd ;
 Wit to be great and nature to be good ;
 Whose wit wants pow'r to charm ev'n folly long ;
 Whose worth extracts less rev'rence than a song.

Verily, verily, he deporteth himself with a most miraculous solemnity of demeanour.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici ?

† *Laugh at his own conceits.*]

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γέλω καὶ τερπόμεαι ἀφρονὶ θυμῷ.

His wit and talents soon may make a friend ;
 His wit and talents may as soon offend.
 Sad, silly wise one ! who with awkward skill,
 Mar meaning well by executing ill.
 Who stood of Whigs the *fatal partisan* ;
 Who wrote defences which *convict* the clan ;
 Thro' pleader, statesman, judge, who run the ring,
 Yet keep *th' affected fop* in ev'ry thing.
 A *judge* ? Oh mercy !—who can chuse but laugh ?
 A grave owl perches on a frisking calf !

SCRIBLERUS.

Will you praise P-tty ?

POLYPUS.

Ah, poor P-tty ! true—

I once had hope the little lad might do.
 But P-tty ne'er a prodigy will prove ;
 Ne'er burn the Thames or make the tide remove.
 Once the smart boy, (as daily papers tell)
Perform'd a pretty speech extremely well ;
 Then seiz'd th' *Exchequer*—feeble and unfit ;
 But * All the Talents hop'd another *Pitt*.

* All the Talents *hop'd another Pitt.*]—*Dissimiles hic vir*

Ev'n as some mother, rapt in silent joy,
Beside the slumbers of her only boy,
Sees ev'ry human beauty flourish fair,
In his thick lips, flat nose and flamy hair !

But * our *young Roscius*, scorning to controul,
The mighty whims that labour in his soul,
Aims at more merit than of mere finance—
Learn friend that P-tty *practises to dance* !
Unites at once activity and wit ;
Both heel and head ; both *Parisot* and *Pitt*.

et ille puer, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man, but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor P-tty to the skies. But alas ! we find that they called him clever, just as people say a hare has wings—for *convenience*' sake.

* *Our young Roscius*.]—I know not whether B-tty or P-tty, P-tty or B-tty have fallen the more in public estimation.

Felices ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.

Yet times may change, and I do not despair of seeing *Master B-tty* in Parliament, and *Master P-tty* on the stage. At present, the Player gets by heart other men's tragedies ; the Minister repeats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference between them.

Voluisti, *in suo genere*, unumcunq; nostrum quasi quendam esse *Roscium*.—*Cicero*.

His mind and body mutual graces shew,

And now he points a *period*—now a *toe* :

At balls he capers and at senates plods ;

* A DANCING CHANCELLOR BY ALL THE GODS !!!

* *A dancing Chancellor by all the Gods !!!*]—Gentle reader,
I present thee with the following pretty little stanzas on the
Dancing Chancellor :

“ I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky.”—*Otway*.

Και παλιν βελω χορευειν.—*Anac.*

Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.—*Sall.*

To be seen—an odd mortal in London,

A Lord, let me add with submission ;

Whom heav'n meant to dance,

But he dipp'd in finance ;

So turn'd out a *beau-politician*.

In Parliament glibly he gabbles,

Her laws and her taxes to teach her ;

And speaks off his part,

Amazingly smart,

Consid'ring the age of the creature.

At balls he's so dapper a dancer,

The misses all find him most handy ;

For tho' heavy in head,

As a plummet of lead,

He jumps like a Jack-a-dandy.

Ev'n *beardless* statesmen are no vulgar evil :

But a FINANCIAL D'EGVILLE is the Devil !

O rule revers'd, O weeping change and wild,

When children play the man and man the child !

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay you seem bent to pull down ev'ry *Laird*,

And this year mangle all the last two spar'd.

Pray heav'n that he never may tumble,

While dancing away for a wife, Sir ;

Shou'd he get a *capcise*,

How the Dev'l could he rise ?—

He must live on his head all his life, Sir !

Now his getting a step in a hornpipe,

I think could not injure the nation ;

But hard is its lot,

Since P-tty has got,

A step in administration.

Oh ! down on our knees, my dear Britons,

And ere P-tty's dancing be ended,

Let's offer this pray'r ;—

While his heels kick the air,

May his body be never suspended !

POLYPUS.

Yes, the last two prov'd fatal to the great.

*Pitt, Fox, Cornwallis, * Nelson*, fell to fate.

Firm M-lv-lle and wise † W-ll-sly were impeach'd ;

Two, monarchs conquer'd—B-rd-tt over-reach'd ;

Statesmen approv'd the plans they once abhorr'd ;

Tailors turn'd statesmen—Add-ngt-n a *Lord*.

‡ Poor S-dm-th, feeble insect of an hour,—

* *Nelson*.]—The first of heroes and the best of Christians. I do not think all history can furnish us with a character so ardently—I had almost said, so *romantically* heroic—but his was a discreet enthusiasm. The circumstances of his death too, are unexampled in splendour and magnanimity. Just such a death was his desire. He loved life, but he loved glory and his country better.

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares ; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est ; pro quâ quis bonus dubitet mortem appetere ?—*Cic.*

† *W-ll-sly*.]—This said impeachment is a sorry business. I think Mr. P-ll would do well to drop it. Mr. P-ll is notorious enough already, and we do not desire a second edition of Mr. Wh-tb-d.

‡ *Poor S-dm-th*.]—The *Doctor* has given over practice, and, according to the continental phrase, has *retired to his estates*.

Latet abditus agro.

D'Oubril, Haugwitz, &c. have also retired to their estates and

SCRIBLERUS.

Despises censure, as he laughs at pow'r.

POLYPUS.

If he scorns censure, 'tis a lucky whim ;

And if he laughs at pow'r, pow'r laughs at him.

A sad weak soul, and made for men to jeer,

He held the helm—

SCRIBLERUS.

How long ?

POLYPUS.

One total year !

Then the stern *Commoner*, all claws and stings,

Turn'd, in a trice—* *the Lord in leading-strings* !

become ploughmen. I think all the Ex-Ministers of Europe ; D'Oubril, Haugwitz, S-dm-th, &c. might meet together in *Crusoe's Island*, and form a most comfortable and condoling society.

* *The Lord in leading-strings.*]—I see Polypus is bent on abusing every body. So because Mr. Add-ngt-n became a lord, and had not duplicity to refuse a good offer, Polypus chooses to put him into *leading-strings*. I wish Polypus was put into the pillory. Now Lord S-dm-th's acceptance of a proffered title strikes me, on the contrary, as an instance of strict integrity and candour. Why should he tell a lie, I ask ? Why should he say, *Thank you, Sir, I had rather not* ; while his conscience was for saying, *With all my soul, and with all my strength, Sir* ? Morality must be considered, even tho' a

In place a cypher, and a cypher out,
 While laughing Faction bandied him about ;
 Slow as the mule, laborious as the bee,
 No shuttlecock was e'er so bang'd as he !

Yet praise, where praise is due, the muse shall give.
 The man has merit, but 'tis *negative*.
 The passive valour of a patient mind,
 And martyr-meekness in his soul we find.
 Wit, hid like kernels, he may too inherit,
 And not to be a scoundrel *has* its merit.

SCRIBLERUS.

Away with anger—prithee praise the next ;
 And 'midst the ministers cull out a text.

man should lose by it. For my part, I like morality extremely—I think it an appendage of the gentleman—A sort of rarity, rather becoming than otherwise ; and tho' Lord S-dm-th has pinned a title upon *his* morality, yet, I dare say, they do not interfere with each other at all. I beg leave to remark that there are several sorts of morality. There is a morality which feels, and a morality which reasons. There is also a morality which does neither the one nor the other, but *acts only upon instinct*. This last I take to be Lord S-dm-th's morality.—Scrib.

POLYPUS.

*In eldest time, when heav'n from chaos hurl'd,
 Aloft to starry tracts, the whirling world;
 Bade the blithe Sun immerse his fulgent hair,
 And walk the wilds of alabaster air:
 Life from low rank her gradual birth begins,
 And first informs the frigid race of fins;
 Thence, mounting upward, teems with hoof and horn,
 'Till pinions beat the blast and Man is born.*

SCRIBLERUS.

Friend, are you mad? What vile bombast is here!

POLYPUS.

*My meaning is—and sure my meaning's clear—
 That I, like Nature, from the worst began,
 And end in *M-ra, as she stopp'd in Man.*

* *M-ra.*]—Much, however, as I admire the virtues of this Nobleman, I am not unacquainted with his foibles. He possesses, in common with other courtiers, a certain tenderness of soul, that cannot bear the pain of *refusing*. The consequence is obvious—The blossom must be more abundant than the fruit. But *ubi plura nitent*, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

But why such labour'd nothings ?

POLYPUS.

Just to raise,

Plain thoughts to pomp, like poets now-a-days.

* Thus M-re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow ;

† P-yne Kn-ght we see trick out his nonsense so ;

Small Ch-rry, thus, huge Op'ras manufacture ;

Amphibious thing, 'twixt dramatist and actor !

Terence supplies me with his general character in these lines :

Sic vita erat ; facile omnes perferre ac pati ;

Cum quibus erat conqueritia, his sese dedere,

Eorum obsequi studiis ; *advorsus nemini* ;

Nunquam præponens se aliis ; ita facillime,

Sine invidia invenias laudem.

* *Thus M--re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow.]—*

Mr. M--re's lines, like Seneca's, *abundant dulcibus vitiis*. They are too full of puerile conceits, sparkling epithets, and obscure allusions. Mr. M--re is a young poet, and may yet correct this false refinement, which proceeds from a rage for novelty, and must eventually corrupt the national taste. As to the *lessons* his poetry inculcates, I fear that to comment on them would be useless. His last volume shews his hearty resolution not to reform. It is however melancholy to see the *only* poet in the nation whose morals are her safeguard, so truly negligent of a poet's and a nation's interest.

† *P-yne Kn-ght.*]—All I shall say of Mr. P. Kn-ght's new

In opposite extreme errs *Sc-tt we see ;

Most ostentatious in simplicity.

SCRIBLERUS.

A truce with poems—politics precede.

You mention'd M-ra ; as you praise him, speed.

production on the principles of taste, is, that the former half of it is employed in *reprobating* criticism—the latter half is spent in *criticising*.

* *In opposite extreme errs Sc-tt, we see.*]—Mr. Sc-tt's *Lay of the last Minstrel* is a poem eminent for the force of its descriptions, and the consistency of its characters. But here ends its merit. The plot is absurd, and the antique costume of the language is disgusting, because it is unnatural. Why write in the style which prevailed before our language had attained its utmost purity? Why use the worse weapon when the better may be had? Is it because such language was spoken in those times? I deny that such language was spoken at *any* time. Were a Scotch minstrel to rise from his grave, he could not understand half of it. The Gothic and Corinthian mixture would make him smile. But supposing the language a true antique, and not a modern coin artificially rusted over, still it is absurd to make use of it—For, by the same rule, *Gray's Bard* should have spoken in the idiom of *King Edward's* time, and *Norval* should now tragedy it away in broad Scotch. If Mr. S. will condescend to write in the present purity of our language, tho' he may no longer decoy readers by what is novel, yet he may win them by what is natural. Philips's *Pastorals*, and Chatterton's *Rowley* are reposing in the char-

POLYPUS.

I honor M-ra ; him no lust to rule,
 Makes Fortune's votarist, or Party's tool.
 Foe to no sect, alike belov'd of all,
 He fears no venom for he knows no gall.
 Prompt to lull feuds and passion to compose,
 Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
 Ardent in arms and apt in arts of peace,
 He heaps up honour with a large increase ;
 Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide—
 Let guilty glory snatch at all beside.

SCRIBLERUS.

Here we unite ; and haply may once more :
 All who love M-ra hate Sir Fr-nc-s sore.

POLYPUS.

* I like not B-rd-tt. To my mind he seems,
 A turbid spirit full of desp'rate dreams ;

nels of obscurity. Yet there was a time when they were just as much read and just as much admired as Mr. Sc-tt's minstrel.

* *I like not B-rd-tt.*]—I flatter myself that Sir Fr-nc-s will feel highly gratified by my mention of him. Publicity, publicity for Sir Fr-nc-s ; honourable if he can, but at all events publicity. Yet there is a *sort* of talent about the young

Who love and admiration aims to move,
 Without one talent men admire or love.
 He plays the statesman, tho' devoid of sense ;
 The man of words, tho' wanting eloquence ;
 Acts the mean demagogue thro' pride alone :
 Prates of his country's good,—pursues his own,
 T—ke teaches B-rd-tt all things but his pray'rs,
 And what his Rev'rence says, his Honour swears.
 Thus the maternal bear, with clumsy tongue,
 Licks to her own rough form her pliant young.
 Yes, Justice, Sense and Patriotism prevail'd,
 * When P-l lay prostrate, and when B-rd-tt fail'd.

man, and they say he possesses a thousand amiable qualities. I hope so. And perhaps as he grows in years he may increase in sense too, and lay aside those ridiculous chimæras which at present possess him. John Horne T—ke will tell him I am a blockhead. For John Horne T—ke, like Prince Talleyrand, is still plotting behind the curtain, unseen, indeed ; but heard, and felt, and understood. Yet I think “the Parson” might now begin to ponder things more suitable. There is a time when even enthusiasm ceases to attract, and when folly becomes disgusting. Rectitude may rise into fame; error may end in obscurity. In a word, Mr. T—ke ; repentance has ever an open ear ; and when we call is instantly present from the uttermost ends of the earth.

* *When P-l lay prostrate, and when B-rd-tt fail'd.*]—I speak of the late election.

Hi nostri *reditus*, expectatique triumphi?

VIRG.

When the sad pair, (resolv'd in spite to eat)
 Gorg'd all their friends with dinners of defeat;
 Cow, heifer, hen pour'd forth a patriot flood,
 And geese died gloriously for England's good!

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay, why so bitter? How cou'd P—ll * offend?
 Before you judge him let th' impeachment end;
 And for his † want of *grammar*, and of *sense*—

* *P—ll*.]—A gentleman of electioneering, duelling, and impeaching mischance. Ministers dreaded his garrulity, so opposed his election; read the papers, so prevented his duel; got into power, so forsook his impeachment. Thus we pity his first failure, laugh at his second, and despise him in his third—Tears, laughs, and hisses. Poor Mr. P—ll!

† *His want of grammar and of sense*.]—*Sylla nescivit literas, non voluit dictare*. I shall, however, trouble Mr. P—ll with a single question, anxious as I am to afford him an opportunity of vindicating his literary character. Which of the following figures in Rhetoric* is the most elegant for an orator;

Hyperbole,
 Hyperbaton, or
 Hypersarcosis?

I shall expect an instant answer in the daily prints, and no looking into dictionaries. Silence will, of course, be considered as a confession of ignorance.

* Rhetoric is the art of speaking or writing with elegance.

POLYPUS.

His *birth*, I grant you, is a full defence.

SCRIBLERUS.

P—ll was a *tailor*—then Sir, if you can,
Lean light upon the ninth part of a man.

POLYPUS.

Nay his mean birth my verse should ne'er have stain'd,
* Had his mean tongue from like abuse refrain'd.

* *Had his mean tongue from like abuse abstain'd.*]—Mr. P—ll evinced his own origin by adverting to Mr. Sh-r-d-n's. No man of birth would descend to such indecency. Indeed the speeches of both candidates at the Westminster election were fitter for mountebanks, or furious field orators, than for enlightened statesmen. I shall give the following summary of them, as a rhetorical curiosity.

Τῶν δ' ἀχαμᾶτων περὶ αὐδῆ,
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδύια—

HESIOD.

Precisely at four o'clock Mr. Sh-r-d-n appeared on the hustings; a fine ruddy blaze emanating from the disk of his countenance. He drank some hot wine, which an old woman, fond of a joke, or hired perhaps by his opponents, offered to him. Decidedly, however, he was not inebriated. As soon as he began to speak, the people began to laugh; whereupon he bade them laugh still more; "because," says he, "laughing supposes good humour, and good humour implies

All the mean atomies that still remain ;
And teize and tickle, tho' they cannot pain ;

“ the returning of a proper member to Parliament.” From speaking of a proper member for Parliament, Mr. Sh-r-d-n, some how or other, contrived to shift the subject to himself, of whom he gave a very pleasing account indeed. He told us, in general terms, that he had done surprising things for the country ; but was tender of descending to particulars ; probably because the law does not oblige a criminal to convict himself. He then spoke impressively of liberty, England, the pretty girls, and the old woman, who gave him the hot wine. “ I am resolved to continue in good humour,” says he, in a bitter passion ; “ and I don't care,” (elevating his voice prodigiously) whether the noisy rabble listen to me or not.”

Speaking of Mr. P—ll, he solemnly asserted that he (Mr. S.) had once met him (Mr. P.) in gentlemen's company ! The people might stare, and be astonished ; but so the fact stood—he had met him in gentlemen's company—He was ready to turn *King's evidence*, and make oath of it. And, moreover, he was sure that this *son of a tailor* would make him an abject apology. He concluded his harangue with this elegant exhortation. *Now my friends, let us have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether !*

Τον δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη—Mr. James P—ll.

Who made a neat, ill-tempered speech enough. He said he should blush (now Lord forbid Mr. P-ll should do such a thing !)—He should blush, he said, to be such a braggart as Mr. Sh---n. For himself, he would tell God's truth, and candidly confess, that he was a mere honest man, who had risen into estimation by dint of his own talents and deserts. He then pleaded guilty as to the fact of having been caught in gentle-

Pert insects, buzzing thro' the senate still,
 Much too minute to fetter or to kill,
 Things we but see with microscopic glass,
 In mercy to her eyes, let Satire pass.

Yet in her verse let Spence live once more,
 Whom, dead in politics, no tears deplore ;
 Whose lucky shade (escap'd the *Stygian* coast)
 Gay, spruce and sleek—a wonder for a ghost !

men's company, but adduced Mr. S——n's being there as an
 " expiation of the offence. "Yesterday," says Mr. P——ll, " I
 " was in a majority, which I then thought a triumph. To-day
 " I am in a minority, which I take to be a greater triumph ;
 " still ; and if I lose the election, (which, by the bye, I am
 " resolved not to do), I shall consider it as the greatest
 " triumph of all. For," says he, somewhat ingeniously, " my
 " being in a minority proves that my opponents are in a ma-
 " jority ; which, being caused by foul play, is a shame
 " for them, and therefore a triumph to me." He next spoke
 of the distresses of the people, which he attributed, in a great
 degree, to Mr. Sh——'s having a house at the end of St. Ca-
 therine-street. As to his being a son of a tailor, his answer
 was to this effect, *namely*,—that if he was a son of a tailor,
 Mr. Sh——n was—shall I repeat it?—*a son of a vagabond!*
 Yes, my dear reader, by all that's solemn, he called the right
 honourable Treasurer of the Navy *a son of a vagabond*. Mercy
 upon me!—*a son of a vagabond*. Let the earth perish, and the
 moon fall in pieces !

Still thro' the midnight senate loves to glide,
And haunt the scenes where all its glory died.
Yet let her verse for hapless H-l-l-nd grieve ;
Who lately bent on wisdom, I believe,
Turn'd off from politics—yet still mistook,
And ended all his blunders with a book !
O for the joyful day, when PEACE restor'd,
Shall bind her olive round the rusty sword !
When the pale nations, wash'd of human gore,
Smiling shall meet, and mingle wars no more ;
When arms and clarions shall be silent all,
And a soft calm shall soothe the panting ball.

Then W-nd-m, idle, may find time to see,
Sense in an oyster, morals in a flea ;
To march an army underneath the wave,
Or, with east winds instruct us how to shave.
Then Sh-r-d-n whole days in port may steep,
And thank his stars that claret is so cheap ;
He who distorting all his fairer fate,
Born to plot plays, affects to plan the state ;
And straining (Heav'n knows why) his needless throat,
Acts a more pompous farce than e'er he wrote.

Then upstart H-w-ck may more aptly climb,
 And play *Schedoni* in a pantomime.
 Fond to seem young, let Ers— take a wife,
 And with a pun on Hell conclude his life.
 Let Master P-tty at the Op'ra teach,
 And heavy Wh-tbr-d his own brains impeach ;
 While the meek thing call'd S-dm-th, if you ask it,
 Will put to sea (Lord love it) in a basket !

Then, if, as now, *true* glory still inspire,
 From toils of state firm C-nn-ng may retire ;
 Blest in the conscience of a blotless day,
 And calm while life steals airily away.
 Then, if, as now, *true* glory swell each breast,
 Shall C-stl-gh,—shall P-rc-v-l be blest.
 Now let thy prose, O C-bb-tt,* lap me fast,
 In its long periods, and its broad bombast ;

* C-bb-tt.]—Since C-bb-tt's deplorable secession he has sunk into such insignificance, that it is almost unnecessary to notice him. He is now famous only for opposing an *æs triplex* of countenance to the sneer of contempt which every where assails him. The style of his letters, too, has altered with his change of policy. Impurity has succeeded to elegance, and scurrility has taken place of wit. This is the natural consequence of Ministers' not choosing to write against themselves.

Thou blust'rer ! that, to thy own aims untrue,
 Taught'st our old world the tenets of the new ;
 Whence first arose the principles deprav'd,
 That ravag'd France and ev'n in Britain rav'd ;
 Made puling Freedom feed on human meat,
 And men suck mercy from the tiger's teat !

Yet oh ! to lash a lowly bard forbear :
 Who stings a Princess may a Poet spare.
 Go ! in thy paper, to the town proclaim,
 Thy soul unsex'd, thy forehead void of shame ;
 Go ! with brass tongue, around the city call,
 Scurrility, huzza ! and heigh for P-ll !

Spare me not *Chronicles* * and *Sunday-News* !
 Spare me not *Pamphleteers* and *Scotch Reviews* ! † !

There are, at present, three principal clowns performing in the political pantomime, all admirably awkward, and far more amusing than even the facetious *Grimaldi*. These are Messrs. B-rd-tt, P-ll, and C-bb-tt. And truly a precious triumvirate. B-rd-tt, P-ll, and C-bb-tt !—*A cock, a bull, and a roasted soldier* ! Peter F-n-rtty, too, must not be omitted. That man has points about him that would do honour to a Hot-tentot.

* *Chronicles*.]—The Morning Chronicle—The *Moniteur* of England. A sort of political barometer, which, on the late change of *atmosphere*, suddenly, but awkwardly, rose to *settled fair*.

† *Scotch Reviews*.]—The Edinburgh Review. A critical

Aid me with anger, deck my brow with blame,
And stigmatize my satire into fame.

work of some merit and erudition. It is sometimes just, often erroneous, always insolent; and owes most of its popularity to this perfection, which it always exerts far too freely, unless the book be written by a *fellow-countryman*, or a *Lord*. Indeed bowing before a Lord was always an attribute of plebeian insolence. The best literary joke I recollect, is its attempting to prove some of the Grecian Pindar rank nonsense; supposing it to have been written by Mr. P. Kn-ght. Afterwards, indeed, *it wrote Greek verses itself*; and, after some consideration, I grant that this is even a better joke than the other. I do not always admire its principles; and it has had the vanity to declare that it possesses *ALL the literary TALENTS* of the country. Happy is that country in having scribblers who call themselves wise! Happy, too, in having Ministers who keep the scribblers in countenance! And why should not *I* also assure my readers that *this* little performance contains "*All the Talents*" of all the Poets? I do beseech them to have no doubt of it. And, moreover, I most earnestly exhort all corporations, whether of merchants or butchers, of aldermen, or tailors, to follow my laudable example. I would have the mechanic cram all the talents of mankind into his own especial occupation. I would have Dr. Solomon cashier his old puffs, and set up all the talents instead. Patients should swallow a lump of talents in *Bolton's* asthmatic lozenges; while anti-bile, anti-hydropholia, anti-head-ache—in short, the whole very numerous family of *Antis* should possess the most unbounded abilities. Were I *Bish and Co.* I would draw forth all the talents in one capital prize.—Were I *Tattersall*, I would set them up to auction in the shape of my best blood.—Were I *Hoby*, I would

If not, t' attack myself must be the end on't ;

I *versus* ME—both plaintiff and defendant !

Muse, 'tis enough—

SCRIBLERUS.

Such Muses are but brutes.

I hate all scandal—down with the *Pursuits*!*

actually stitch them in the sole of a boot. All patents should contain them ; the réal Japan blacking should shine a first-rate genius ; and I would not hesitate to discover talents even under a fashionable wig. Yes, my friends—let us make common cause. Let all the talents belong to us all. Let empirics and Secretaries at War—let puppet-shews and Exchequer-Chancellors, all equally and uniformly glare with “ wit and wisdom, and vigour and talent ! ” Believe me, vanity is the wisest of passions, because it is the only one not liable to alter with external circumstances. He who is pleased with himself is truly independent, and to be truly independent is the privilege of a Briton.

* *Pursuits.*]—The *Pursuits of Literature*. A work unequalled in manliness of sentiment, extensive learning, and elegant composition. It is generally attributed to Mr. M-th-s. Yet I think its general style closely resembles the language of Mr. M-tf-rd's *Grecian History*. The beginning of the satire tells us that the author had retired from *camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates*. Might not these have been *Grecian* ? Is it not extraordinary, too, that the *Pursuits of Literature* never mentioned Mr. M-tf-rd's Greece amongst all the publications of the day ; nor his brother, Lord R d-s-e, amongst

POLYPUS.

Muse, 'tis enough—from thy soft trammels free,

Back let me haste, ah ! cruel C—e, to thee ;

all the public characters? * The author, whoever he be, may perceive I do not dread the anathemas he has thundered against *over-curious* people. As for myself, every body who pleases may try to unkennel me. Every body has a right. But I shall also beg leave to exercise *my right* on the occasion, and

Ille,
Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

HOR.

Before I conclude, I would say a few serious words to Ministers. They possess neither my regard nor my animosity. I look on them as mere machines moving the national concern ; and examine if each part answers its intent, just as an exact mechanic would scrutinize his levers and his wheels. I repeat, I am neither a disappointed senator nor his hireling ; but I am a lover of my country and will not tamely see her injured. Gentlemen, do not discredit me. There are men who can talk fine things and feel them too---pardon me when I add, there are men who can talk and feel the direct reverse. At least, then, beware how you will act ; if, indeed, you will act at all. England has long been agape to behold the first-born wonder

* These hints are not my own. They were suggested by a friend, to whose talents and learning I am deeply indebted in matters of far more importance.

And while thy rigid charms my bosom fill,
To my dear country I will turn me still ;
Assert her laws, her charter'd rights uphold,
And bid her sons be virtuous still and bold.

Now bent to free fall'n Europe from her chains,
They dread no despot whilst a BRUNSWICK reigns.

of her United Talents ; but her United Talents appear to be plunged in a stupor of modesty, joy and apprehension. Collect yourselves and take courage. We have heard your voices and are anxious to see your deeds. Banish from your minds the narrow notions they so fatally cherish, and at length embrace the broad interests of humanity. Enough has been allotted to the vanities of triumph.--it is now time to sacrifice a little to expediency. Believe me, the prosperity of nations is an object not to be slighted, even amidst the mirth of a banquet, or the solemnity of a levee. The nation is angry that your exploits, which are puerile, bear no proportion to your gigantic professions. To vaunt is the privilege of an opposing party ; but it is pitiful and disgusting in the party that must act. There is an assured humility, which is the real virtue. Arrogance is ever erroneous and unwise. Like the mariner distempered by a vertical sun, she can see green fields amid the waste of waters, and hear the lowing of cattle in the dashing of the waves.

FINIS.

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PROLOGUE,

Written by J. Hobhouse, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. RAE.

TAUGHT by your judgment, by your favour led,
The grateful Stage restored her mighty dead.
But not, when wits of ages past revive,
Should living genius therefore cease to thrive.
No ! the same liberal zeal that fondly tries
To save the Poet, though the mortal dies,
Impartial welcomes each illustrious birth,
And, justly crowns contemporary worth.

This night a Bard, who yet, alas ! has known
Of conscious merit but the pangs alone ;
Through dark misfortune's gloom condemned to cope
With baffled effort and with blighted hope,
Still dares to think one friendly voice shall cheer
His sinking soul, and thinks to hail it—*here !*
Fanned by the breath of praise, his spark of fame
Still, still may glow, and burst into a flame.

Nor yet let British candour mock the toil
That rear'd the laurel on our sister soil ;
That soil to Fancy's gay luxuriance kind,
That soil which teems with each aspiring mind,
Rich in the fruits of glory's ripening sun—
Nurse of the brave—the land of WELLINGTON.

PROLOGUE.

Here, too, this night—another candidate,
Aspires to please; and trembles for her fate;—
And, as the flower whose ever-constant gaze
Turns to her sun and woos the genial blaze,
To those kind eyes our blushing suppliant bends,
And courts the light that beams from smiling friends;
Oh! calm the conflict of her hopes and fears,
Nor stain her cheek with more than mimic tears.

Since, then, alike each bold adventurer sues
The votary, and the handmaid of the Muse,
Think that the same neglect—the same regard,
Must sink, or save, the actress, and the bard.

PREFACE.

IN the Absence of the Author of this Tragedy, the Editor cannot print this edition, which the curiosity of the Public has necessarily rendered a hasty one, without acknowledging in the Author's name, the claims which the Performers and Managers of Drury Lane Theatre have upon his attention.

To those who have witnessed the exertion of Mr. Kean's talents in the finest characters of the Drama, it is unnecessary to say, he in this Tragedy had opportunities, of which the Public rapturously testified how well he knew to avail himself.

It were to neglect a positive duty not here to pay a tribute to the performance of the part of Imogene, by a Young Lady, who will find it a noble, perhaps an arduous task, to realize all the expectations which her successful debüt has excited.

To Mr. Holland, Mr. Pope, Miss Boyce, and the other Gentlemen and Ladies who performed it, as well

PREFACE.

as to Mr. T. Cooke, the Composer of some very effective Music introduced into the Play, the Author's thanks are eminently due.

Several Lines and Speeches which are omitted in Representation, are here inserted. Material omissions however are marked by inverted Commas.

BERTRAM;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF ST. ALDOBRAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Night, a Gallery in a Convent, a large Gothic window in the extremity, through which lightning is seen flashing. Two Monks enter in terror.

1st Monk. Heaven for its mercy!—what a night is here—

Oh! didst thou hear that peal?

2d. Monk. The dead must hear it.—(*A pause—thunder*). Speak! speak, and let me hear a human voice.

1st Monk. While the dark terror hurtled distantly,
Lapt in the skirts of the advancing clouds,
I cower'd with head full low upon my pallet,
And deem'd that I might sleep—till the strong light
Did, clear as noon day, shew each object round me.
Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
Did rock and quiver in the bickering glare—
Then forth I rushed in agony of fear.

2d Monk. Among the tombed tenants of the
cloister

I walked and told my beads,
But, by the momentarily gleams of sheeted blue,
Did the pale marbles glare so sternly on me
I almost deemed they lived, and fled in horror.

1st Monk. There is much comfort in a holy man
In such an hour as this. ——— [Knocking at a door.
Ho, wake thee, prior.

2d Monk. Oh! come forth, holy prior, and pray
for us.

Enter the Prior.

Prior. All peace be with you!—'tis a fearful hour.

1st Monk. Hath memory a parallel to this?

2d Monk. How hast thou fared in this most awful
time?

Prior. As one whom fear did not make pitiless:
I bowed me at the cross for those whose heads
Are naked to the visiting blasts of Heav'n
In this its hour of wrath—
For the lone traveller on the hill of storms,
For the tossed shipman on the perilous deep;
Till the last peal that thundered o'er mine head
Did force a cry of—mercy for myself.

1st Monk. (*Eagerly*) Think'st thou these rock-
based turrets will abide?

2d Monk. Think'st thou they will not topple o'er
our heads?

Prior. The hand of Him who rules the storm, is
o'er us.

1st Monk. Oh, holy prior, this is no earthly storm.
The strife of fiends is on the battling clouds,
The glare of hell is in these sulphurous lightnings,—
This is no earthly storm.

Prior. Peace, peace—thou rash and unadvised
man;

Oh! add not to this night of nature's horrors
The darker shadowing of thy wicked fears.
The hand of Heaven, not man, is dealing with us,
And thoughts like thine do make it deal thus sternly.

Enter a Monk pale and breathless.

Prior. Speak, thou hast something seen.

3d Monk.———A fearful sight.

Prior. What hast thou seen?

3d Monk. ———A piteous, fearful sight—

A noble vessel labouring with the storm

Hath struck upon the rocks beneath our walls;

And by the quivering gleams of livid blue

Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,

And in the hollow pauses of the storm

We heard their perishing cries—

Prior. Now haste ye forth,

Haste all—

3d Monk. It cannot be, it is too late;

For many a fathom doth the beetling rock

Rise o'er the breaker's surge that dashes o'er them,—

No help of human hand can reach them there—

One hour will hush their cries—and by the morn

Thou wilt behold the ruin—wreck and corse.

Float on the weltering wave.

Prior. Almighty power,
 Can nought be done? All things are possible—
 Wave high your torches on each crag and cliff—
 Let many lights blaze on our battlements—
 Shout to them in the pauses of the storm,
 And tell them there is hope—
 And let our deep-toned bell its loudest peal
 Send cheerly o'er the deep—
 'Twill be a comfort to the wretched souls
 In their extremity—All things are possible;
 Fresh hope may give them strength, and strength de-
 liverance—
 I'll hie me forth with you.

3d Monk. Wilt thou go forth—
 Hardly the vigorous step of daring youth
 May hold its footing on those wave-washed crags:
 And how wilt thou abide?

1st Monk. 'Tis tempting Heaven.—

Prior. To succour man, not tempt my God, I go;
 He will protect his servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Rocks—The Sea—A Storm—The Convent illuminated in the back ground—The Bell tolls at intervals—A groupe of Monks on the rocks with torches—A Vessel in distress in the Offing.

Enter the Prior and Monks below.

Prior. (*Clasping his hands*). Holy St. Anselm—
 what a sight is here!

1st Monk. Pray for their souls—their earthly part
is doomed—

Prior. Oh! that a prayer could hush the elements!—

Hold, I do espy a hope, a blessed hope—

That wave hath heaved her from the rock she struck on;

Lo, every arm on board is plied for safety—

Now, all the saints to speed.—

1st Monk. No saint doth hear.

Lo, the recoiling surge drives fiercely o'er her—

In, holy prior, or ere their drowning shriek

Do rive the sense; in, in, and tell thy beads—

Prior. I will not in, while to that hopeless wreck

One arm doth cling; while o'er the roaring waste

One voice be raised for help—I will not hence.

Monks above.

She sinks—she sinks—Oh hour of woe and horror!

[*The Vessel sinks—The Prior falls into the arms of
the Monks. The Scene shuts.*

SCENE III.

The Gallery.

Enter the first Monk and the Prior.

1st Monk. Now rest you, holy prior, you are much
moved—

Prior. (not heeding him)—All, all did perish—

1st Monk. Change those drenched weeds—

Prior. I wist not of them—every soul did perish—

Enter 3d Monk hastily.

3d Monk. No, there was one did battle with the storm

With careless, desperate force ; full many times
His life was won and lost, as though he recked not—
No hand did aid him, and he aided none—
Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone
That man was saved—

Prior. Where is he? lead him hither.

[The stranger is led in by Monks.]

Prior. Raise to St. Anselm, thou redeemed soul,
Raise high thy living voice in prayer and praise ;
For wonderous hath his mercy been to thee—

2d Monk. He hath not spoken yet—

Stranger. Who are those round me?

Where am I?

Prior. On the shore of Sicily—
The convent of St. Anselm this is called—
Near is the castle of Lord Aldobrand—
A name far known, if, as thy speech imports,
Thou'rt of Italian birth—

(At the name of Aldobrand, the Stranger makes an effort to break from the Monks, but falls through weakness.)

Prior. Tell us thy name, sad man—

Stranger. A man of woe—

Prior. What is thy woe, that Christian love may
—heal it—

Hast thou upon the pitiless waters lost
Brother, or sire, or son? did she thou lovest

Sink in thy straining sight!—

Or have the hoardings of thy worldly thrift

Been lost with yonder wreck?—

[To these questions the Stranger gives signs of dissent.]

Prior. Why dost thou then despond?

Stranger. Because I live—

Prior. Look not so wild—can we do aught for thee?

Stranger. Yes, plunge me in the waves from which ye snatched me;

So will the sin be on your souls, not mine—

Prior. I'll question not with him—his brain is wrecked—

For ever in the pauses of his speech

His lip doth work with inward mutterings,

And his fixed eye is rivetted fearfully

On something that no other sight can spy.

Food and rest will restore him—lead him in—

Stranger. (*dashing off the monks as they approach*)

Off—ye are men—there's poison in your touch,—

[Sinking back.]

But I must yield, for this hath left me strengthless.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Castle of Aldobrand.

Enter Pietro and Teresa meeting.

Piet. Hah! Teresa waking! Was ever such a tempest?

Teres. The Lady Imogine would watch all night.— And I have tended on her. What roused thee?

Piet. Would you could tell me what would give me sleep in such a night. I know of but one remedy for fear and wakefulness; that is a flaggon of wine. I hoped the thunder would have waked old Hugo to open the cellar-door for me.

Teres. He hath left his bed. E'en now I passed him
Measuring the banquet-hall with restless steps
And moody fretful gestures. He approaches.

Enter Hugo.

Piet. Hugo, well met. Does e'en thy age bear memory of so terrible a storm?

Hug. They have been frequent lately.

Piet. They are ever so in Sicily.

Hug. So it is said. But storms when I was young
Would still pass o'er like Nature's fitful fevers
And render'd all more wholesome. Now their rage
Sent thus unseasonable and profitless
Speaks like the threats of Heaven.

Teres. Heaven grant its wrath visit not my kind
Lady!

Hug. Heaven grant, Teresa.

She may be still as happy in these halls,
As when she tripp'd the green a rural maid
And caroll'd light of heart—ere her good father's ruin;
Or our Lord saw and loved her!

Piet. See, if Madam Clotilda be not roused.

Teres. I'm glad, for she's our lady's loved com-
panion

And most esteemed attendant.

Enter Clotilda.

Clot. Is the Lady Imogene risen?

Teres. She hath not rested through the night.
Long ere the storm arose, her restless gestures
Forbade all hope to see her bless'd with sleep.

Clot. Since her lord's absence it is ever thus.
But soon he will return to his loved home,
And the gay knights and noble wassailers
Banish her lonely melancholy.

(Horn heard without.)

Monk. (without). What, no.

Hug. There's some one at the gate.
My fears presage unwelcome messengers
At such untimely hours.

Clot. Attend the summons, Hugo.
I seek the Lady Imogene. If 'tis aught
Concerns her or our Lord, follow me thither.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Gothic Apartment. Imogene discovered sitting at a Table, looking at a Picture.

Imo. Yes,

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—
The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter—
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them?

Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,
And not more vanishing—if thou couldst speak,
Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imogene,
Thou might'st acquit the faith of womankind—
Since thou wast on my midnight pillow laid
Friend hath forsaken friend—the brotherly tie
Been lightly loosed—the parted coldly met—
Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought
harm

To little lives from their own bosoms lent.
But woman still hath loved—if that indeed
Woman e'er loved like me.

Enter Clotilda.

Clot. The storm seems hushed—wilt thou to rest,
Lady?

Imo. I feel no lack of rest—

Clot. Then let us stay—

And watch the last peal murmuring on the blast.
I will sit by the while, so thou wilt tell
Some pleasant story to beguile the time.

Imo. I am not in the mood.

Clot. I pray thee, tell me of some shadowy thing
Crossing the traveller on his path of fear
On such a night as this—
Or shipwrecked seamen clinging to a crag
From which some hand of darkness pushes him.

Imo. Thou simple maid—
Thus to enslave thy heart to foolish fears.

Clot. Far less I deem of peril is in such
Than in those tales women most love to list to,
The tales of love—for they are all untrue.

Imo. Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false,
The thought is falser far—
For some of them are true as martyr's legends,
As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
Of high devotion—worthier heaven than earth—
Oh, I do know a tale.

Clot. Of knight or lady?

Imo. Of one who loved—She was of humble birth
Yet dared to love a proud and noble youth.
His sovereign's smile was on him—glory blazed
Around his path—yet did he smile on her—
Oh then, what visions were that blessed one's!
His sovereign's frown came next—
Then bowed the banners on his crested walls
Torn by the enemies' hand from their proud height,
Where twice two hundred years they mocked the
storm.

The stranger's step profaned his desolate halls,
An exiled outcast, houseless, nameless, abject,
He fled for life, and scarce by flight did save it.
No hoary beadsman bid his parting step
God speed—No faithful vassal followed him;
For fear had withered every heart but hers,
Who amid shame and ruin lov'd him better.

Clot. Did she partake his lot?

Imo. She burned to do it,
But 'twas forbidden.

Clot. How proved she then her love?

Imo. Was it not love to pine her youth away?
In her lone bower she sat all day to hearken
For tales of him, and—soon came tales of woe.
High glory lost he recked not what was saved—
With desperate men in desperate ways he dealt—
A change came o'er his nature and his heart
Till she that bore him had recoiled from him,
Nor know the alien visage of her child.
Yet still she loved, yea, still loved hopeless on.

Clot. Hapless lady! What hath befallen her?

Imo. Full many a miserable year hath past—
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead;
And many a change her varied life hath known,
But her heart none.

In the lone hour of tempest and of terror
Her soul was on the dark hill's side with Bertram,
Yea, when the launched bolt did sear her sense
Her soul's deep orisons were breathed for him.
Was this not love? yea, thus doth woman love.

Clot. I would I had beheld their happier hours,

Hast thou e'er seen the dame? I pray thee, paint her.

Imo. They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanched the bright rose there—
And I have heard men swear her form was fair ;
But grief did lay his icy finger on it,
And chilled it to a cold and joyless statue.
Methought she carolled blithely in her youth,
As the couched nestling trills his vesper lay,
But song and smile, beauty and melody,
And youth and happiness are gone from her.
Perchance—even as she is—he would not scorn her
If he could know her—for, for him she's changed ;
She is much altered—but her heart—her heart.

Clot. I would I might behold that wretched lady,
In all her sad and waning loveliness.

Imo. 'Thou would'st not deem her wretched—out-
ward eyes
Would hail her happy.
They've decked her form in purple and in pall.
When she goes forth, the thronging vassals kneel,
And bending pages bear her footcloth well—
No eye beholds that lady in her bower,
That is her hour of joy, for then she weeps,
Nor does her husband hear.

Clot. Sayst thou her husband?—
How could she wed, she who did love so well ?

Imo. How could she wed ! What could I do but
wed—

Hast seen the sinking fortunes of thy house—
Hast felt the gripe of bitter shameful want—
Hast seen a father on the cold cold earth,

Hast read his eye of silent agony,
 'That asked relief, but would not look reproach
 Upon his child unkind—

I would have wed disease, deformity,
 Yea, griped Death's grisly form to 'scape from it—
 And yet some sorcery was wrought on me,
 For earlier things do seem as yesterday,
 But, I've no recollection of the hour
 They gave my hand to Aldobrand.

Clot. Blessed saints—
 And was it thou indeed?

Imo. I am that wretch—
 The wife of a most noble, honoured lord—
 The mother of a babe whose smiles do stab me—
 But *thou* art Bertram's still, and Bertram's ever!

(Striking her heart.)

Clot. Hath time no power upon thy hopeless love?

Imo. Yea, time hath power, and what a power I'll
 tell thee,

A power to change the pulses of the heart
 To one dull throb of ceaseless agony,
 To hush the sigh on the resigned lip
 And lock it in the heart—freeze the hot tear
 And bid it on the eyelid hang for ever—
 Such power hath time o'er me.

Clot. And has not then
 A husband's kindness—

Imo. Mark me, Clotilda.
 And mark me well, I am no desperate wretch
 Who borrows an excuse from shameful passion
 To make its shame more vile—
 I am a wretched, but a spotless wife,

I've been a daughter but too dutiful—
But, oh! the writhings of a generous soul
Stabb'd by a confidence it can't return,
To whom a kind word is a blow on th' heart—
I cannot paint thy wretchedness. (*bursts into tears*).

Clot.

Nay, nay

Dry up your tears, soon will your lord return,
Let him not see you thus by passion shaken.

Imo. Oh wretched is the dame, to whom the sound
“Your lord will soon return”—no pleasure brings.

Clot. Some step approaches—'tis St. Anselm's
Monk.

Imo. Remember—now, what wouldst thou reverend
father?

Enter first Monk.

Monk. St. Anselm's benison on you, gracious dame,
Our holy prior by me commends him to you—
The wreck that struck upon our rocks i' th' storm
Hath thrown some wretched souls upon his care.
(For many have been saved since morning dawned)
Wherefore he prays the wonted hospitality
That the free noble usage of your castle
Doth grant to ship-wreck'd and distressed men—

Imo. Bear back my greetings to your holy prior—
Tell him the lady of St. Aldobrand
Holds it no sin, although her lord be absent,
To ope her gates to wave-tossed mariners—
Now Heaven forefend your narrow cells were cumbered
While these free halls stood empty—tell your prior
We hold the custom of our castle still.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Convent, the Stranger lies sleeping on a Couch. The Prior watching him.

Prior. He sleeps, if it be sleep ; this starting trance
Whose feverish tossings and deep muttered groans,
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest—

[hanging over him.

How the lip works, how the bare teeth do grind—
And beaded drops course down his writhen brow—
I will awake him from this horrid trance,
This is no natural sleep—ho, wake thee, stranger—

Stran. What, wouldst thou have, my life is in thy
power—

Prior. Most wretched man, whose fears alone be-
tray thee—
What art thou,—speak.

Stran. ————Thou sayest I am a wretch—
And thou sayest true—these weeds do witness it—
These wave-worn weeds—these bare and bruised limbs,
What wouldst thou more—I shrink not from the
question.

I am a wretch, and proud of wretchedness,
'Tis the sole earthly thing that cleaves to me.

Prior. Lightly I deem of outward wretchedness,
For that hath been the lot of blessed saints—
But in their dire extreme of outward wretchedness
Full calm they slept in dungeons and in darkness—
Such hath not been thy sleep—

Stran. Didst watch my sleep—
But thou couldst glean no secret from my ravings.—

Prior. Thy secrets, wretched man, I reckon not of
them—

But I adjure thee by the church's power
(A power to search man's secret heart of sin),
Shew me thy wound of soul—

Weep'st thou, the ties of nature or of passion
Torn by the hand of Heaven—

Oh no! full well I deemed no gentler feeling
Woke the dark lightning of thy withering eye—
What fiercer spirit is it tears thee thus?

Shew me the horrid tenant of thy heart—

Or wrath, or hatred, or revenge, is there—

Stran. (*suddenly starting from his Couch, falling
on his knees; and raising his clasped hands.*)

I would consort with mine eternal enemy,
To be revenged on him.—

Prior. Art thou a man, or fiend, who speakest thus.

Stran. I was a man, I know not what I am—
What others' crimes and injuries have made me—
Look on me—What am I?— [advancing.

Prior. ———— I know thee not.

Stran. I marvel that thou say'st it—
For lowly men full oft remember those
In changed estate, whom equals have forgotten:

A passing beggar hath remembered me,
 When with strange eyes my kinsmen looked on me—
 I wore no sullied weeds on that proud day
 When thou a barefoot monk didst bow full low
 For alms, my heedless hand hath flung to thee—
 Thou doest not know me.— [*approaching him.*]

Prior. Mine eyes are dim with age—but many
 thoughts
 Do stir within me at thy voice.

Stran. List to me, monk, it is thy trade to talk,
 As reverend men do use in saintly wise,
 Of life's vicissitudes and vanities—
 Hear one plain tale that doth surpass all saws—
 Hear it from me—*Count Bertram*—aye—*Count*
Bertram—

The darling of his liege and of his land
 The army's idol, and the council's head—
 Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was law—
 Doth bow him to the prior of St. Anselm
 For water to refresh his parched lip,
 And this hard-matted couch to fling his limbs on.—

Prior. Good Heaven and all its saints!—

Ber. Wilt thou betray me?—

Prior. Lives there the wretch beneath these walls
 to do it?

Sorrow enough hath bowed thy head already
 Thou man of many woes.—
 Far more I fear least thou betray thyself.
 Hard by do stand the halls of Aldobrand
 (Thy mortal enemy and cause of fall),
 Where ancient custom doth invite each stranger

Cast on this shore to sojourn certain days,
And taste the bounty of the castle's lord—
If thou goest not, suspicion will arise
And if thou dost (all changed as thou art),
Some desperate burst of passion will betray thee
And end in mortal scathe—
What dost thou gaze on with such fixed eyes?

Ber.———What sayest thou?

I dreamed I stood before Lord Aldobrand
Impenetrable to his searching eyes—
And I did feel the horrid joy men feel
Measuring the serpent's coil whose fangs have stung
 them;
Scanning with giddy eye the air-hung rock
From which they leapt and live by miracle;
Following the dun skirt of the o'erpast storm
Whose bolt did leave them prostrate—
—To see that horrid spectre of my thoughts
In all the stern reality of life—
To mark the living lineaments of hatred,
And say, this is the man whose sight should blast me;
Yet in calm dreadful triumph still gaze on:—
It is a horrid joy.

Prior.———Nay, rave not thus—

Thou wilt not meet him, many a day must pass
Till from Palermo's walls he wend him homeward—
Where now he tarries with St. Anselm's knights.—
His dame doth dwell in solitary wise
Few are the followers in his lonely halls—
Why dost thou smile in that most horrid guise?—

Ber. (repeating his words.)

His dame doth dwell alone—perchance his child—

Oh, no, no, no—it was a damned thought.

Prior. I do but indistinctly hear thy words,
But feel they have some fearful meaning in them.—

Ber. Oh, that I could but mate him in his might,
Oh, that we were on the dark wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows—
And view him gasp for life—and—

Prior. Horrible—horrible—I charge thee cease—
The shrines are trembling on these sainted walls—
The stony forms will start to life and answer thee

Ber. Ha ha—I see him struggling—
I see him—ha, ha, ha (*a frantic laugh.*)

Prior.———Oh horrible—
Help, help—to hold him—for my strength doth fail—

Enter 1st Monk.

Monk. The lady of St. Aldrobrand sends greeting—

Prior. Oh, art thou come, this is no time for
greeting—

Help—bear him off—thou sees't his fearful state.

[*Exeunt bearing him off.*]

SCENE II.

Hall in the Castle of St. Aldobrand.

*Enter Hugo shewing in Bertram's Comrades,
Clotilda following.*

Hugo. This way, friends, this way, good cheer
awaits you.

1st Sail. Well then, good cheer was never yet
bestowed

On those who need it more.

Hugo. ————To what port bound,
Did this fell storm o'ertake you?

1st Sail. ————No matter
So we find here a comfortable haven.

Hugo. Whence came you?

1st Sail. ————Psha, I cannot answer fasting.

Hugo. Roughness, the proverb says, speaks honesty,
I hope the adage true.

Clot. Lead them in, Hugo,
They need speedy care—which is your leader?

1st Sail. He will be here anon—what ye would
know,

Demand of him.

2d Sail. (advancing) He's here.

Clot. I fain would learn
Their country and their fortunes.

*Enter Bertram, with a sullen air, but scrutinizing
all around.*

Clot. Is that him?

His looks appal me, I dare not speak to him,

[*All pause at his appearance.*]

Hugo. Come, come, the feast's prepared within,
this way.

[*Bertram passes on sullenly and exit.*]

Clot. The grief that clothes that leader's woe-
worn form,

The chilling awe his ruin'd grandeur wears
Is of no common sort—I must observe him.

[*Exit Clot.*]

1st Sail. Now, comrades, we will honour our host's
bounty
With jovial hearts, and gay forgetfulness
Of perils past and coming.

Glee.

We be men escaped from dangers,
Sweet to think of o'er our bowls;—
Wilds have ne'er known hardier rangers,
Hall shall ne'er see blither souls.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Moonlight; a terraced rampart of the Castle; a part
of the latter is seen, the rest concealed by woods.*

*Imogene alone, she gazes at the Moon for some time,
and then advances slowly.*

Imo. ——— Mine own loved light,
That every soft and solemn spirit worships,
That lovers love so well—strange joy is thine,
Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power,

Who lendst thy light to rapture and despair ;—
The glow of hope and wan hue of sick fancy
Alike reflect thy rays : alike thou lightest
The path of meeting or of parting love—
Alike on mingling or on breaking hearts
Thou smil'st in throned beauty.—Bertram—Bertram.
How sweet it is to tell the listening night
The name beloved—it is a spell of power
To wake the buried slumberers of the heart,
Where memory lingers o'er the grave of passion
Watching its tranced sleep!—
The thoughts of other days are rushing on me,
The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead,
Are with me now, and I will mingle with them
'Till my sense fails, and my raised heart is wrapt
In secret suspension of mortality.

Enter Clotilda.

Clot. Why dost thou wander by this mournful light,
Feeding sick fancy with the thought that poisons?—

Imo. I will but weep beneath the moon awhile.—
Now do not chide my heart for this sad respite,
The thoughts it most doth love do visit it then,
And make it feel like heaven—

Clot. Nay, come with me, and view those storm-
'scaped men
A feasting in thy hall ; 'twill cheer thy heart—
Of perils 'scaped by flood and fire they tell,
And many an antique legend wild they know
And many a lay they sing—hark, their deep voices
Come faintly on the wind.

(*Noise of singing and revelry without.*)

Imo. Their wild and vulgar mirth doth startle me.
This clamorous wassail in a baron's hall
Ill suits the state of rescued fearful men;—
But as I passed the latticed gallery
One stood alone;—I marked him where he stood,
His face was veiled,—faintly a light fell on him;
But through soiled weeds his muffled form did shew
A wild and terrible grandeur.

Clot. I marked him too. He mixed not with the
rest,

But o'er his wild mates held a stern controul—
Their rudest burst of riotous merriment
Beneath his dark eye's stilling energy
Was hushed to silence.

Imo. He never spoke?

Clot. No, he did nought but sigh,
If I might judge by the high-heaving vesture
Folded so deep on his majestic breast;—
Of sound I heard not—

Imo. Call him hither.—
There is a mystery of woe about him
That strongly stirs the fancy.

Clot. Wilt thou confer alone, at night, with one
Who bears such fearful form?

Imo. Why therefore send him—
All things of fear have lost their power o'er me—

[*Exit Clotilda.*]

Imogene appears to be debating with herself how to receive him, at length she says

Imo. If he do bear, like me, a withered heart
I will not mock him with a sound of comfort—

Bertram enters slowly from the end of the stage ; his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the earth, she does not know him.

Imo. A form like that hath broken on my dreams
So darkly wild, so proudly stern,
Doth it rise on me waking?

Bertram comes to the end of the stage, and stands without looking at her.

Imo. Stranger, I sent for thee, for that I deemed
Some wound was thine, that yon free band might
chafe,—

Perchance thy wordly wealth sunk with yon wreck—
Such wound my gold can heal—the castle's almoner—

Ber. The wealth of worlds were heaped on me in vain.

Imo. Oh then I read thy loss—Thy heart is sunk
In the dark waters pitiless ; some dear friend,
Or brother, loved as thine own soul, lies there—
I pity thee, sad man, but can no more—
Gold I can give, but can no comfort give
For I am comfortless—

Yet if I could collect my faltering breath
Well were I meet for such sad ministry,
For grief hath left my voice no other sound—

Ber. (Striking his heart.)

No dews give freshness to this blasted soil.—

Imo. Strange is thy form, but more thy words are strange—

Fearful it seems to hold this parley with thee.
Tell me thy race and country—

Ber. What avails it?

The wretched have no country : that dear name
Comprizes home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws, all that binds man to man—
But none of these are mine ;—I have no country—
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake
The sheeted relics of mine ancestry,
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat,
Calls their lost child again.—

Imo. I shake to hear him—
There is an awful thrilling in his voice,—
The soul of other days comes rushing in them.—
If nor my bounty nor my tears can aid thee,
Stranger, farewell ; and 'mid thy misery
Pray, when thou tell'st thy beads, for one more wretched.

Ber. Stay, gentle lady, I would somewhat with thee.

Imogene retreats terrified.

(*Detaining her*)—Thou shalt not go—

Imo. Shall not!—Who art thou ? speak—

Ber. And must I speak?—

There was a voice which all the world, but thee
Might have forgot, and been forgiven,—

Imo. My senses blaze—between the dead and living
I stand in fear—oh God!—It cannot be—

Those thick black locks—those wild and sun-burnt
features

He looked not thus—but then that voice—

It cannot be—for he would know my name.

Ber. Imogine—[*She has tottered towards him during the last speech, and when he utters her name, shrieks and falls into his arms.*]

Ber. Imogine—yes,

Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit

To be enfolded to this desolate heart—

A blighted lily on its icy bed—

Nay, look not up, 'tis thus I would behold thee.

That pale cheek looks like truth—I'll gaze no more—

That fair, that pale, dear cheek, these helpless arms,

If I look longer they will make me human.

Imo. (starting from him.)

Fly, fly, the vassals of thine enemy wait

To do thee dead.

Ber. Then let them wield the thunder,

Fell is their dint, who're mailed in despair.

Let mortal might sever the grasp of Bertram.

Imo. Release me—I must break from him—he
knows not—

Oh God!

Ber. Imogine—madness seizes me—

Why do I find thee in mine enemy's walls?

What dost thou do in halls of Aldobrand?

Infernal light doth shoot athwart my mind—

Swear thou art a dependent on his bounty,

That chance, or force, or sorcery, brought thee hither;

Thou canst not be—my throat is swoln with agony—
Hell hath no plague—Oh no, thou couldst not do it.

Imo. (kneeling.) Mercy.

Ber. Thou hast it not, or thou wouldst speak—
Speak, speak, (*with frantic violence.*)

Imo. I am the wife of Aldobrand,—
To save a famishing father did I wed.

Ber. I will not curse *her*—but the hoarded vengeance—

Imo. Aye—curse, and consummate the horrid spell,
For broken-hearted, in despairing hour
With every omen dark and dire I wedded—
Some ministering demon mocked the robed priest,
With some dark spell, not holy vow they bound me,
Full were the rites of horror and despair.
They wanted but—the seal of Bertram's curse.

Ber. (not heeding her.)

—Talk of her father—could a father love thee
As I have loved?—the veriest wretch on earth
Doth cherish in some corner of his heart,
Some thought that makes that heart a sanctuary
For pilgrim dreams in midnight-hour to visit,
And weep and worship there.

—And such thou wert to me—and thou art lost.

—What was her father? could a father's love
Compare with mine?—in want, and war, and peril,
Things that would thrill the hearer's blood to tell of,
My heart grew human when I thought of thee—
Imagine would have shuddered for my danger—
Imagine would have bound my leechless wounds—
Imagine would have sought my nameless corse,

And known it well—and she was wedded—wedded—
—Was there no name in hell's dark catalogue
To brand thee with, but mine immortal foe's?—
And did I 'scape from war, and want, and famine
To perish by the falsehood of a woman?

Imo. Oh spare me,—Bertram—oh preserve thyself—

Ber. A despot's vengeance, a false country's curses,
The spurn of menials whom this hand had fed—
In my heart's steeled pride I shook them off,
As the bayed lion from his hurtless hide
Shakes his pursuers' darts—across their path—
One dart alone took aim, thy hand did barb it.

Imo. He did not hear my father's cry—Oh heaven—
Nor food, nor fire, nor raiment, and his child
Knelt madly to the hungry walls for succour
E'er her wrought brain could bear the horrid thought
Or wed with him—or—see thy father perish.

Ber. Thou tremblest least I curse thee, tremble not—

Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched—
Though thou hast made me—but I will not curse thee—

Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee—
May pomp and pride shout in thine adder'd path
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness—
May he thou'st wed, be kind and generous to thee
'Till thy wrung heart, stabb'd by his noble fondness
Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood—

May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother
Who cannot love the father of her child;
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,
May ruined Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—
While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers.

Imo. (Detaining him) Stay.

Ber. No.

Imo. Thou hast a dagger.

Ber. Not for woman.—

Imo. (flinging herself on the ground)

It was my prayer to die in Bertram's presence,
But not by words like these—

Ber. (turning back)—on the cold earth!
—I do forgive thee from my inmost soul—

(The child of Imogene rushes in and clings to her)

Child. Mother.

Ber. (eagerly snatching up the child)

God bless thee, child—Bertram hath kissed thy child.

*(He rushes out, Clotilda enters gazing after him
in terror, and goes to afford relief to Imogene).*

The curtain drops.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Wood ;—the Stage darkened ;—St. Aldobrand speaking to a page behind the Scenes.

Ald. Hold thou my good steed, page ; the moon is down,
We've far outstript the knights, but slacker speed
Hath found a surer road—where, think'st thou, are we ?

Enter St. Aldobrand and a Page.

Vainly I listen through the night so still
For bell that tells of holy convent near,
Or warder's bugle from the battlement,
Or horn of knight returning from the chase—
All is dark, still, and lorn ; where deemest thou are we ?

Page. Oh we are nigh a fell and fearful spot,
For by the last gleams of the sunken moon
I saw the towers—

Ald. What towers are those, boy ?

Page. The ruined towers that 'tis said are haunted—
Dimly they rose amid the doubtful gloom,
But not one star-beam twinkled on their summits.

Ald. Then, not four leagues divide me from mine
home.—

Mine home—it is a pleasant sound—there bide
My dame and child—all pleasant thoughts dwell
there—

“Then, while I rest beneath this broad-armed tree,

“Or oak, or elm, in this dark night I wot not—

“It shall be thy sweet penance to rehearse

“All thou hast heard of these most fearful towers—

“The tale will sooth my sleep, nor mar my dreams—

“*Page.* Then let me couch by thee—I pray thee do—

“For ever I love ’mid frightful tales i’ th’ dark

“To touch the hand I tell the tale of fear to”—

[*A bell tolls.*

Ald. Hark! ’tis the convent bell, forego thy tale—
The blessed thoughts of home are in that sound
That near my castle’s gallant walls doth float—

[*Chorus of knights heard faintly
from the forest.*

Ald. What voices swell upon the midnight air?

Page. St. Anselm’s knights.

Ald. Yes, ’tis their pious wont,
When journeying near the sound of convent-bell
’Mid flood or fire, to raise the holy hymn
That chaunts the praise of their protecting saint—
List to the solemn harmony—
Guided by that we may rejoin their company.

[*Exeunt.*
*Chorus heard again, and continues drawing nearer
till the scene changes.*

SCENE II.

The Convent.

The Prior reading ; Bertram views him with the attention of one who envies him, then speaks.

Ber. How many hours have passed since matin-bell ?

Prior. I know not, till it sound again to vespers.

Time passes o'er us with a noiseless lapse :

Our hours are marked alone by prayer and study,

And know no change but by their mute succession—

Ber. Yea—thus they live, if this may life be called

Where moving shadows mock the parts of men.

Prayer follows study, study yields to prayer—

Bell echoes bell, till wearied with the summons

The ear doth ache for that last welcome peal

That tolls an end to listless vacancy—

Aye—when the red swol'n stream comes roaring down—

Full many a glorious flower, and stately tree,

Floats on the ruthless tide, whose unfelt sway

Moves not the mire that stagnates at the bottom.

The storm for Bertram—and it hath been with me,

Dealt with me branch and bole, bared me to th' roots,

And where the next wave bears my perished trunk

In its dread lapse, I neither know, nor reck of—

Prior.—Thou desperate man, whom mercy woos in vain,

Although with miracles she pleads—

Forbear, I say, to taint these holy echoes
With the fell sounds of thy profane despair.—

Ber. Good monk, I am beholden to your patience.
Take this from one, whose lips do mock at praise ;—
Thou art a man, whose mild and reverend functions
Might change the black creed of misanthropy,
And bid my better angel half return.—
But—'tis impossible—I will not trouble thee—
The wayward Bertram and his moody mates
Are tenants all unmeet for cloistered walls—
We will find fitter home.

Prior. Whither wilt thou resort ?

Ber. Is there no forest
Whose shades are dark enough to shelter us ;
Or cavern rifted by the perilous lightning,
Where we must grapple with the tenanting wolf
To earn our bloody lair ?—there let us bide,
Nor hear the voice of man, nor call of heaven.—

Pri. Wend not, I charge thee, with those desperate
men.

Full well I wot who are thy fearful mates—
In their stern strife with the incensed deep,
That dashed them bruised and breathless on our
shores,
When their drenched hold forsook both gold and geer,
They griped their daggers with a murderer's instinct.
—I read thee for the leader of a band
Whose trade is blood.—

Ber. Well then, thou knowest the worst—
And let the worst be known, I am their leader—

Pri. Mark what I reed, renounce that horrid league—

Flee to the castle of St. Aldobrand,
His power may give thee safety, and his dame
May plead for thee against the law's stern purpose—
All as thou art unknown—

Ber. His dame plead for me !—
When my cold corse, torn from some felon wheel,
Or dug from lightless depth of stony dungeon,
Welters in the cold gaze of pitiless strangers,
Then fling it at his gate, whose cursed stones
My living foot treads never,—yet beware
Lest the corse burst its cearments stark, and curse
thee—

Pri. Hush, hush these horrid sounds ; where wilt
thou bide ?

Near us nor knight nor baron holds his keep,
For far and wide thy foeman's land extends.

Ber. The world hath ample realms beyond his
power.
There must I dwell—I seek my rugged mates—
The frozen mountain, or the burning sand
Would be more wholesome than the fertile realm
That's lorded o'er by Aldobrand.

[*Exit Bertram.*

Pri. High-hearted man, sublime even in thy guilt,
Whose passions are thy crimes, whose angel-sin
Is pride that rivals the star-bright apostate's.—
Wild admiration thrills me to behold
An evil strength, so above earthly pitch—
Descending angels only could reclaim thee—

Enter 2d Monk.

Monk. The lady of St. Aldobrand in haste
Craves swift admittance to your sacred cell.

Pri. She is a gracious, and a pious dame,
And doth our cell much honour by her presence.

Enter Imogene. She kneels to him.

Pri. The blessings of these sainted walls be on thee.
Why art thou thus disturbed, what moves thee,
daughter?

Imo. Nay, do not raise me with those reverend
hands,
Nor benison of saint greet mine approach,
Nor shadow of holy hand stretched forth to bless me.—
I am a wretched, soul-struck, guilty woman.

Pri. Thou dost amaze me; by mine holy order
I deemed no legends of our cloistered saints
Held holier records of pure sanctity
Than the clear answer of thy stainless life
To shrift's most piercing search—

Imo. Oh holy prior, no matron proud and pure,
Whose dreams ne'er wandered from her wedded lord,
Whose spoused heart was plighted with her hand,
Kneels for thy prayer of power—I am a wretch,
Who, pale and withering with unholy love,
Lay a shrunk corpse in duty's fostering arms,
And with cold smiles belied her heart's despair.
I've nursed a slumbering serpent till it stung me,
And from my heart's true guardian, hid its foulness

Prior. Thou'st done an evil deed—
For sin is of the soul, and thine is tainted—

But most I blame thee, that from thy soul's guardian
Thou hiddest thy secret guilt.

Imo. I knew it not—

Last night, oh! last night told a dreadful secret—

The moon went down, its sinking ray shut out,

The parting form of one beloved too well.—

The fountain of my heart dried up within me,—

With nought that loved me, and with nought to love I

I stood upon the desert earth alone—

I stood and wondered at my desolation—

For I had spurned at every tie for him,

And hardly could I beg from injured hearts

The kindness that my desperate passion scorned—

And in that deep and utter agony,

Though then, than ever most unfit to die,

I fell upon my knees, and prayed for death.

Prior.—And did deserve it, wert thou meet for it—

Art thou a wife and mother, and canst speak

Of life rejected by thy desperate passion—

These bursting tears, wrung hands, and burning words,

Are these the signs of penitence or passion?

Thou comest to me, for to my ear alone

May the deep secret of thy heart be told,

And fancy riot in the luscious poison—

Fond of the misery we paint so well,

Proud of the sacrifice of broken hearts,

We pour on heav'n's dread ear, what man's would

shrink from—

Yea, make a merit of the impious insult,

And wrest the functions of mine holy office

To the foul ministry of earthly passion.

Imo. Why came I here, I had despair at home—
Where shall the wretch resort whom Heaven forsakes?

Prior. Thou hast forsaken Heaven.
Speed to thy castle, shut thy chamber door,
Bind fast thy soul by every solemn vow
Never to hold communion with that object—
If still thy wishes contradict thy prayers,
If still thy heart's responses yield no harmony—
Weary thy saint with agonies of prayer ;
On the cold marble quench thy burning breast ;
Number with every bead a tear of soul ;
Press to thy heart the cross, and bid it banish
The form that would usurp its image there—

Imo. (kneeling) One parting word—

Prior. No, not one parting look—
One parting thought, I charge thee on thy soul.

Imo. (turning away) He never loved.—

Prior. Why clingest thou to my raiment?
Thy grasp of grief is stronger on my heart—
For sterner oft our words than feelings are.

Enter 1st Monk and Page.

Monk. Hail, holy prior, and hail thou noble dame,
With joyful heart I break upon your privacy—
St. Aldobrand before his own good gates
Doth rein his war-steed's pride ; the warder's horn
Full merrily rings his peal of welcome home—
I hied me onward with the joyful tidings
To greet his happy dame.

Imo. My thanks await them.—

Prior. Now, by my beads the news is wond'rous welcome—

Hath thy brave lord in safety reached his home—

Praise to St. Anselm who ne'er leaves his servants.

My rosary hath been well told for him—

(Clear thy dimmed brow, for shame! hie to thy lord,

And shew a dame's true duty in his welcome.)

Came with thy lord the knights of good St. Anselm

Bearing the banner of their guardian saint

Safe from the infidel scathe?—

Page. They come with speed—

Though lated in the forest's wildering maze;

Last night their shelter was the broad brown oak—

Pri. High praise be given—haste, summon all our brethren;

Th' occasion, noble dame, doth call me from thee—

So Benedicite— [Exeunt.

Imo. (*alone*) That word should mean—

A blessing rest on me—I am not blest—

I'm weary of this conflict of the heart—

These dying struggles of reluctant duty—

These potent throes of wild convulsive passion.

Would I were seared in guilt, or strong in innocence—

I dare not search my heart; some iron yow

Shall bind me down in passive wretchedness,

And mock the force of my rebellious heart

To break its rivetting holds—

[As she kneels, enter Bertram.

Ha! art thou there?—

Come kneel with me, and witness to the vow

I offer to renounce thee, and to die—

Ber. Nay, it is meet that we renounce each other—
Have we not been a miserable pair?
Hath not our fatal passion cursed, not blessed us?—
Had we not loved, how different were our fates;
For thou hadst been a happy honoured dame,
And I had slept the sleep of those that dream not—
But life was dear, while Imogene did love.

Imo. Witness my vow—while I have breath to
speak it—

Ber. Then make it thus—why dost thou shrink
from me?

Despair hath its embrace as well as passion—
May I not hold thee in these folded arms?
May I not clasp thee to this blasted heart?
When the rich soil teemed with youth's generous
flowers—

I felt thee sunshine—now thy rayless light
Falls like the cold moon on a blasted heath
Mocking its desolation—speak thy vow—
I will not chide thee if the words should kill me—

Imo. (*sinking into his arms*). I cannot utter
it—

Ber. Have we not loved, as none have ever loved,
And must we part as none have ever parted?
I know thy lord is near; I know his towers
Must shut thee from my sight—the curfew-hour
Will send me on a far and fearful journey—
Give me one hour, nor think thou givest too much,
When grief is all the boon.—

Imo. One hour to thee?

Ber. When the cold moon gleams on thy castle walls,

Wilt thou not seek the spot where last we met?

That be our parting spot—Oh Imogine—

Heaven that denies the luxury of bliss

Shall yield at least the luxury of anguish,

And teach us the stern pride of wretchedness—

“ Our parting hour be at the dim moonlight,

“ And we will make that hour of parting dearer

“ Than years of happy love—what recollections—

“ What rich and burning tears—in that blessed hour

“ Our former hearts shall glide into our breasts,

“ Mine free from care, as thine was light of sorrow—

That hour shall light my parting step of darkness—

Imogine’s form did gleam on my last glance,

Imogine’s breath did mix with my last sigh,

Imogine’s tear doth linger on my cheek,

But ne’er must dew my grave—

Imo. I am desperate

To say I’ll meet thee, but I will, will meet thee ;

No future hour can rend my heart like this

Save that which breaks it.—

[The child runs in, and clings to Imogine.]

Child. My father is returned, and kissed and blessed me—

Imo. *(falling on the child’s neck.)* What have I done, my child ; forgive thy mother.

Ber. *(Surveying her with stern contempt.)*

Woman, oh woman, and an urchin’s kiss

Rends from thy heart thy love of many years—

Go, virtuous dame, to thy most happy lord,
And Bertram's image taint your kiss with poison.

[*Exit Bertram.*

Imo. (*Alone*) 'Tis but the last—and I have sworn
to meet him

My boy, my boy, thy image will protect me.

End of the Third Act,

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A dark night under the Castle Walls;—Bertram appears in a state of the utmost agitation;—he extends his arms towards a spot where the Moon has disappeared.

Ber. Thou hidest away thy face, and wilt not view
me,

All the bright lights of heaven are dark above me—
Beneath the black cope of this starless night
There lurks no darker soul—

My fiend-like glory hath departed from me—
Bertram hath nought above the meanest losel—
I should have bearded him in halls of pride—
I should have mated him in fields of death—
Not stol'n upon his secret bower of peace,
And breathed a serpent's venom on his flower.

*(He looks up at the casement of the tower, at which a light appears, he gazes on it)—*She is there—
She weeps—no husband wipes her tears away—
She weeps—no babe doth cheer the guilty mother.
Aldobrand—No—I never will forgive thee,
For I am sunk beneath thee—Who art thou?

Enter Two of Bertram's Band.

1st. Rob. Why dost thou wander in the woods alone,

Leaving thy mates to play with idle hilts,
Or dream with monks o'er rosary and relic?
Give us a deed to do.

Ber.

Yes, ye are welcome,

Your spirits shall be proud—ho—hear ye, villains,
I know ye both—ye are slaves that for a ducat
Would rend the screaming infant from the breast
To plunge it in the flames;

Yea, draw your keen knives cross a father's throat,
And carve with them the bloody meal ye earned;
Villains, rejoice, your leader's crimes have purged you,
You punished guilt—I preyed on innocence—
Ye have beheld me fallen—begone—begone.

1st. Rob. Why then, Heaven's benison be with you,
Thou'lt need it if thou tarriest longer here.

Ber. How, slave, what fear you?

2d. Rob. Fly; this broad land hath not one spot to
hide thee,

Danger and death await thee in those walls.

Ber. They'd fell a blasted tree—well—let it fall—
But though the perished trunk feel not the wound;
Woe to the smiting hand—its fall may crush him.

1st. Rob. Lord Aldobrand

Holds high commission from his sovereign liege
To hunt thy outlaw'd life through Sicily.

Ber. (wildly.) Who—what—

2d. Rob. We mingled with the men at arms
As journeying home. Their talk was of Count Bertram,
Whose vessel had from Manfredonia's coast
Been traced towards this realm.

1st. Rob. And if on earth his living form were found,

Lord Aldobrand had power to seal his doom.
Some few did pity him.

*Ber. (bursting into ferocity.) Villain, abhorred
villain.*

Hath he not pushed me to extremity?
Are these wild weeds, these scarred and scathed limbs,
This wasted frame, a mark for human malice?
There have been those who from the high bark's side
Have whelmed their enemy in the flashing deep;
But who hath watch'd to see his struggling hands,
To hear the sob of death?—Fool—ideot—ideot—
'Twas but e'en now, I would have knelt to him
With the prostration of a conscious villain;
I would have crouched beneath his spurning feet;
I would have felt their trampling tread, and blessed it—
For I had injured him---and mutual injury
Had freed my withered heart---Villain---I thank thee.

“ 1st. *Rob.* What wilt thou do? shall we prepare
for blows?

“ *Ber.* Behold me, Earth, what is the life he hunts
for?

“ Come to my cave, thou human hunter, come;
“ For thou hast left thy prey no other lair,
“ But the bleak rock, or howling wilderness;
“ Cheer up thy pack of fanged and fleshed hounds,
“ Flash all the flames of hell upon its darkness,
“ Then enter if thou darest.
“ Lo, there the crushed serpent coils to sting thee,
“ Yea, spend his life upon the mortal throe.”

1st. *Rob.* Wilt thou fly?

Ber. Never—on this spot I stand

The champion of despair---this arm my brand---
This breast my panoply---and for my gage---
(Oh thou hast reft from me all knightly pledge)
Take these black hairs torn from a head that hates thee---
Deep be their dye, before that pledge is ransomed---
In thine heart's blood or mine---why strivest thou with
me?

(Wild with passion.)

Lord Aldobrand, I brave thee in thy halls,
Wrecked, famished, wrung in heart, and worn in
limb---

For bread of thine this lip hath never stained---
I bid thee to the conflict---aye, come on---
Coward---hast armed thy vassals?---come then all---
Follow---ye shall have work enough---Follow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Imogene in her apartment---a lamp burning on the
Table---She walks some time in great agitation
and then pushes the light away.*

Imo. Away, thou glarest on me, thy light is hateful;
Whom doth the dark wind chide so hollowly?
The very stones shrink from my steps of guilt,
All lifeless things have come to life to curse me:
Oh! that a mountain's weight were cast on me;
Oh! that the wide, wild ocean heaved o'er me;
Oh! that I could into the earthy centre
Sink and be nothing.
Sense, memory, feeling, life extinct and swallowed,

With things that are not, or have never been,
Lie down and sleep the everlasting sleep—

(She sinks on the ground.)

If I run mad, some wild word will betray me,
Nay—let me think—what am I?—no, what was I?

(A long pause.)

I was the honoured wife of Aldobrand ;

I am the scorned minion of a ruffian.

Enter Clotilda.

Imo. Who art thou that thus comest on me in
darkness?

Clot. The taper's blaze doth make it bright as noon.

Imo. I saw thee not, till thou wert close to me.

So steal the steps of those who watch the guilty ;

How darest thou gaze thus earnestly upon me ;

What seest thou in my face?

Clot. A mortal horror.

If aught but godless souls at parting bear

The lineaments of despair, such face is thine.

Imo. See'st thou despair alone?

Nay, mock me not, for thou hast read more deeply,

Else why that piercing look.

Clot. I meant it not—

But since thy lonely walk upon the rampart—

Strange hath been thy demeanour, all thy maidens

Do speak in busy whispers of its wildness—

Imo. Oh hang me shuddering on the baseless crag—

The vampire's wing, the wild-worm's sting be on me,

But hide me, mountains, from the man I've injured—

Clot. Whom hast thou injured?

Imo. Whom doth woman injure ?

Another daughter dries a father's tears ;
Another sister claims a brother's love ;
An injured husband hath no other wife,
Save her who wrought him shame.

Clot. I will not hear thee,

Imo. We met in madness, and in guilt we
parted—

Oh ! I see horror rushing to thy face—
Do not betray me, I am penitent—
Do not betray me, it will kill my Lord—
Do not betray me, it will kill my boy,
My little one that loves me.

Clot. Wretched woman—

Whom guilt hath flung at a poor menial's feet—
Rise, rise, how canst thou keep thy fatal secret ?
Those fixt and bloodshot eyes, those wringing hands—

Imo. And were I featureless, inert, and marble—
Th' accuser *here* would speak—

Clot. Wilt thou seek comfort from the holy prior ?

Imo. When I was innocent, I sought it of him—
For if his lip of wrath refused my pardon,
My heart would have absolved me—

Now when that heart condemns me, what avails
The pardon of my earthly erring judge ?

Clot. Yet, hie from hence, upon their lady's bower
No menial dares intrude.

Imo. That seat of honour—

My guilty steps shall never violate—

What fearful sound is that ?

Clot. Alas, a feller trial doth abide thee ;

I hear thy lord's approach.

Madness is in thy looks, he'll know it all—

Imo. Why, I am mad with horror and remorse—

He comes, he comes in all that murderous kindness;

Oh Bertram's curse is on me.

Enter Aldobrand.

Ald. How fares my dame? give me thy white hand,
love.

Oh it is pleasant for a war-worn man

To couch him on the downy lap of comfort—

And on his rush-strewn floors of household peace

Hear his doffed harness ring—Take thou my helmet;

(To page who goes out.)

Well may man toil for such an hour as this.

Imo. *(standing timidly near him)*

Yea, happier they, who on the bloody field

Stretch when their toil is done—

Ald.—What means my love?

Imo. Is there not rest among the quiet dead;

But is there surely rest in mortal dwellings?

Ald. Deep loneliness hath wrought this mood in
thee,

For like a cloistered votaress, thou hast kept,

Thy damsels tell me, this lone turret's bound—

A musing walk upon the moonlight ramparts,

Or thy lute's mournful vespers all thy cheering—

Not thine to parley at the latticed casement

With wandering wooer, or—

Imo. *(wildly)* For mercy's sake forbear—

Ald. How farest thou?

Imo. (recovering) well—well—a sudden pain o' th' heart.

Ald. Knowest thou the cause detained me hence so long,

And which again must call me soon away ?

Imo. (trying to recollect herself)—Was it not war ?

Ald.—Aye, and the worst war, love—

When our fell foes are our own countrymen.

Thou knowest the banished Bertram—why, his name
Doth blanch thy altered cheek, as if his band

With their fierce leader, were within these towers—

Imo. Mention that name no more—on with thy tale—

Ald. I need not tell thee, how his mad ambition
Strove with the crown itself for sovereignty—

The craven monarch was his subject's slave—

In that dread hour my country's guard I stood,

From the state's vitals tore the coiled serpent,

First hung him writhing up to public scorn,

Then flung him forth to ruin.

Imo. Thou need'st not tell it—

Ald. Th' apostate would be great even in his fall—
On Manfredonia's wild and wooded shore

His desperate followers awed the regions round—

Late from Taranto's gulf his bark was traced

Right to these shores, perchance the recent storm

Hath spared me further search, but if on earth

His living form be found—

Imo. Think'st thou he harbours here—

Go, crush thy foe—for he is mine and thine—
But tell me not when thou hast done the deed.

Ald. Why art thou thus, my Imogine, my love?
In former happier hours thy form and converse
Had, like thy lute, that gracious melancholy
Whose most sad sweetness is in tune with joy—
Perchance I've been to thee a rugged mate—
My soldier's mood is all too lightly chafed—
But when the gust hath spent its short-liv'd fury,
I bowed before thee with a child's submission,
And wooed thee with a weeping tenderness.

Imo. (*after much agitation*) Be generous, and
stab me—

Ald. Why is this?

I have no skill in woman's changeful moods,
Tears without grief, and smiles without a joy—
My days have passed away 'mid war and toil—
The grinding casque hath worn my locks of youth;
Beshrew its weight, it hath ploughed furrows there,
Where time ne'er drove its share—mine heart's sole
wish

Is to sit down in peace among its inmates—
To see mine home for ever bright with smiles,
'Mid thoughts of past, and blessed hopes of future,
Glide through the vacant hours of waning life—
Then die the blessed death of aged honour,
Grasping thy hand of faith, and fixing on thee
Eyes that, though dim in death, are bright with love.

Imo. Thou never wilt—thou never wilt on me—
Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief inspired
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist—

I'm dying, Aldobrand, a malady
Preys on my heart, that medicine cannot reach,
Invisible and cureless—look not on me
With looks of love, for then it stings me deepest—
When I am cold, when my pale sheeted corse
Sleeps the dark sleep no venom'd tongue can wake
List not to evil thoughts of her whose lips
Have then no voice to plead—
Take to thine arms some honourable dame,
(Blessed will she be within thine arms of honour)
And—if he dies not on his mother's grave—
Still love my boy as if that mother lived.

Ald. Banish such gloomy dreams—
'Tis solitude that makes thee speak thus sadly—
No longer shalt thou pine in lonely halls.
Come to thy couch, my love—

Imo. Stand off—unhand me.—

Forgive me, oh my husband;
I have a vow—a solemn vow is on me—
And black perdition gulf my perjured soul
If I ascend the bed of peace and honour
'Till that——

Ald. 'Till what?

Imo. My penance is accomplished.

Ald. Nay, Heav'n forefend I should disturb thy
orisons—

The reverend prior were fittest counsellor—
Farewell!—but in the painful hour of penance
Think upon me, and spare thy tender frame.

Imo. And dost thou leave me with such stabbing
kindness?

Ald. (to Clotilda who goes out) Call to my page
To bring the torch, and light me to my chamber—

Imo. (with a sudden impulse falling on her knees)
Yet, ere thou goest, forgive me, oh my husband—

Ald. Forgive thee!—What?—

Imo. Oh, we do all offend—

There's not a day of wedded life, if we
Count at its close the little, bitter sum
Of thoughts, and words, and looks unkind and froward,
Silence that chides and woundings of the eye—
But prostrate at each others' feet, we should
Each night forgiveness ask—then what should I?—

Ald. (not hearing the last words) Why take it
freely ;
I well may pardon, what I ne'er have felt.

Imo. (following him on her knees, and kissing his hand)

Dost thou forgive me from thine inmost soul—
God bless thee, oh, God bless thee—

Ald. Farewell—mine eyes grow heavy, thy sad
talk

Hath stolen a heaviness upon my spirits—
I will unto my solitary couch—Farewell.

[*Exit Aldobrand*]

Imo. There is no human heart can bide this con-
flict—

All dark and horrible,—Bertram must die—
But oh, within these walls, before mine eyes,
Who would have died for him, while life had value ;—
He shall not die,—Clotilda, ho, come forth—
He yet may be redeemed, though I am lost—

Let him depart, and pray for her he ruin'd.

Hah! was it fancy's work—I hear a step—

It hath the speech-like thrilling of *his* tread:

It is himself.

Enter Bertram.

It is a crime in me to look on thee—

But in whate'er I do there now is crime—

Yet wretched thought still struggles for thy safety—

Fly, while my lips without a crime may warn thee—

Would thou hadst never come, or sooner parted.

Oh God—he heeds me not;

Why comest thou thus, what is thy fearful business?

I know thou comest for evil, but its purport

I ask my heart in vain.

Ber. Guess it, and spare me. (*A long pause, during which she gazes at him.*)

Canst thou not read it in my face?

Imo. I dare not;

Mixt shades of evil thought are darkening there;

But what my fears do indistinctly guess

Would blast me to behold—(*turns away, a pause.*)

Ber. Dost thou not hear it in my very silence?

That which no voice can tell, doth tell itself.

Imo. My harassed thought hath not one point of fear,
Save that it must not think.

Ber. (*throwing his dagger on the ground.*)

Speak thou for me,—

Shew me the chamber where thy husband lies,

The morning must not see us both alive.

Imo. (*screaming and struggling with him.*)

Ah! horror! horror! off—withstand me not,
I will arouse the castle, rouse the dead,
To save my husband; “villain, murderer, monster,
“Dare the bayed lioness, but fly from me.

“*Ber.* Go, wake the castle with thy frantic cries;
“Those cries that tell my secret, blazon thine.

“Yea, pour it on thine husband’s blasted ear.

“*Imo.* Perchance his wrath may kill me in its mercy.

“*Ber.* No, hope not such a fate of mercy from him;
“He’ll curse thee *with his pardon*.

“And would his death-fixed eye be terrible

“As its ray bent in love on her that wronged him?

“And would his dying groan affright thine ear

“Like words of peace spoke to thy guilt—in vain?

“*Imo.* I care not, I am reckless, let me perish.

“*Ber.* No, thou must live amid a hissing world,

“A thing that mothers warn their daughters from,

“A thing the menials that do tend thee scorn,

“Whom when the good do name, they tell their beads,

“And when the wicked think of, they do triumph;

“Canst thou encounter this?

“*Imo.* I must encounter it—I have deserved it;

“Begone, or my next cry shall wake the dead.

“*Ber.* Hear me.

“*Imo.* No parley, tempter, fiend, avaunt.

“*Ber.* *Thy son—(she stands stupified.)*

“Go, take him trembling in thy hand of shame,

“A victim to the shrine of public scorn—

“Poor boy! his sire’s worst foe might pity him,

“Albeit his mother will not—

“Banished from noble halls, and knightly converse,

“ Devouring his young heart in loneliness”

“ With bitter thought—my mother was—a wretch.”

Imo. (falling at his feet.)

I am a wretch—but—who hath made me so?

I’m writhing like a worm, beneath thy spurn.

Have pity on me, I have had much wrong.

Ber. My heart is as the steel within my grasp.

Imo. (still kneeling.) Thou hast cast me down from
light,

From my high sphere of purity and peace,

Where once I walked in mine uprightness, blessed---

Do not thou cast me into utter darkness.

Ber. (looking on her with pity for a moment.) Thou
fairest flower---

Why didst thou fling thyself across my path,

My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,

But cannot pause to pity thee.

Imo. Thou must,

For I am strong in woes—I ne’er reproached thee---

I plead but with my agonies and tears---

Kind, gentle Bertram, my beloved Bertram,

For thou wert gentle once, and once beloved,

Have mercy on me--Oh thou couldst not think it--

*(Looking up, and seeing no relenting in his face, she
starts up wildly.)*

By heaven and all its host, he shall not perish.

Ber. By hell and all its host, he shall not live.

This is no transient flash of fugitive passion---

His death hath been my life for years of misery---

Which else I had not lived---

Upon that thought, and not on food, I fed,

Upon that thought, and not on sleep, I rested---
I come to do the deed that must be done---
Nor thou, nor sheltering angels, could prevent me.

Imo. But man shall---miscreant---help.

Ber. Thou callest in vain---

The armed vassals all are far from succour---
Following St. Anselm's votarists to the convent---
My band of blood are darkening in their halls---
Wouldst have him butchered by their ruffian hands
That wait my bidding ?

Imo. (*falling on the ground:*)---Fell and horrible
I'm sealed, shut down in ransomless perdition.

Ber. Fear not, my vengeance will not yield its prey,
He shall fall nobly, by my hand shall fall---
But still and dark the summons of its fate,
So winds the coiled serpent round his victim.

(*A horn sounds without.*)

Whence was that blast ? those felon slaves are come---
He shall not perish by their ruffian hands.

[*Exit Bertram.*

Imo. (*gazing round her, and slowly recovering
recollection, repeats his last words*)---He shall
not perish---

Oh ! it was all a dream---a horrid dream---
He was not here---it is impossible---

(*Tottering towards the door.*)

I will not be alone another moment
Lest it do come again---where, where art thou ?---

Enter Clotilda.

Clo. Didst thou not call me ?---at thy voice of
anguish

I hasten, though I cannot hear thy words—

Imo. Let me lean on thee, let me hold thee fast—

“ Yea, strongly grasp some strong substantial thing

“ To scare away foul forms of things that are not—

They have been with me in my loneliness.

“ Oh, I have had such dark and horrid thoughts,

“ But they are gone—we will not think of them—

Clo. What hath been with thee?

“ *Imo.* Something dark that hovered [*deliriously.*

“ Upon the confines of unmingling worlds,

“ In dread for life—for death too sternly definite,

Something the thought doth try in vain to follow—

Through mist and twilight—

Clo. Woe is me ! methought

I saw the form of Bertram as I entered—

Imo. (*Starting with sudden recollection*)

Oh God—it was no vision then, thou sawest him —

Give me my phrensy back—one moment's thought—

’Tis done, by Heaven, ’tis done—

I will fall down before his injured feet,

I’ll tell him all my shame, and all my guilt,

My wrongs shall be a weapon in his hand,

And if it fail, this tainted frame of sin

Shall fall a shield before my husband’s breast—

I’ll wake the castle—wake the faithful vassals

I’ll——(*going she stops suddenly*).

I cannot be the herald of my shame,

Go thou, and tell them what I cannot utter.

Clo. Oh, yet forgive me, through that gloomy
passage

I dare not venture, lest that dark form meet me.

Imo. Nay, thou must go, 'tis I that dare not venture—

For, if I see him in his holy sleep
Resting so calmly on the bed I've wronged,
My heart will burst, and he must die warned—

[*Exit Clotilda.*

Imo. (*Listening after her.*)

How long she lingers—aye—he knows my guilt
Even from this untold summons—aye—my boy
They'll clothe thee with *my* shame.
Hush—look—all's still within—an horrid stillness—
Perchance, that she, even she is bribed to aid—
Woe's me, who now can trust a menial's faith,
When that his wedded wife hath done him wrong—

Enter Clotilda.

Clo. All's safe—all's well—

Imo. What meanest thou by those words?—
For sounds of comfort to my blasted ear
Do ring a death-peal—

Clo. Heardest thou not the horn?

Imo. I heard no horn, I only heard a voice
That menaced murder—

Clo. Oh! the horn did sound—
And with it came a blessed messenger.
St. Anselm's knights within their patron's walls
Do hold a solemn feast, and o'er his shrine
They hang the holy banner of his blessing—
Full swiftly came the summons to thy lord
To join them in their solemn ceremony—
Lord Aldobrand with few attendants gone,

Though late the hour, and dark the way, ere this
Hath measured half the distance

Imo. (throwing herself vehemently on her knees.)
Thank God, thank God—Heaven bless the gallant
knights!

Then he is safe until the morning's dawn.

Enter Page.

Imo. Speak—who art thou?

Page. Dost thou not know me, lady?

Imo. Well, well, I reck' not—wherefore art thou
come?

Page. So fierce the mountain-stream comes roaring
down,

The rivulet that bathes the convent walls
Is now a foaming flood—upon its brink
Thy lord and his small train do stand appalled—
With torch and bell from their high battlements
The monks do summon to the pass in vain;
He must return to-night.

Imo. 'Tis false, he must not—Oh, I shall run mad—
Go thou, and watch upon the turret's height—*(to Clotilda)*

The flood must fall—the bright moon must shine forth;
Go, go and tell me so—why stayest thou here *(to page)*
Begone, and do not heed, and do not watch me.

[Exit page.]

I've lost the courage of mine innocence,
And dare not have the courage of despair—
The evil strength that gave temptation danger,
Yet cannot give remorse its energy.

Enter Clotilda.

Clot. The night is calm and clear, and o'er the plain
Nor arms do glimmer on my straining sight,
Nor through the stilly air, did horseman's tramp
Ring in faint echo from the hollow hill,
Though my fixed ear did list to giddiness—
Be comforted, he must have passed the stream—

Imo. Yea, I am comforted, 'tis blessed comfort—
He must have passed the stream—Oh pitying Heaven,
Accept these tears, these are not sinful tears—
Tell me again that he will not return.

Clot. I soothly say, he must have passed the stream.
(*The horn is heard without, announcing Aldobrand's return.*)

Clot. 'Tis Aldobrand, he's lost—we all are lost—
(*without*)

Imo. Now Heaven have mercy on thy soul, my
husband,
For man hath none—Is there no hope—no help?—

(*Looking towards the door, across which the band of
Bertram march silently and range themselves*)

None, none—his gathering band are dark around me—
I will make one last effort for their mercy—
If they be human, they will listen to me—

(*Rushing towards them, they step forward and point
their swords to resist her.*)

Oh, there is nothing merciful in their looks ;
Oh, there is nothing human in their hearts ;
They are not men—Hell hath sent up its devils.
There is no hope—I'll hear his dying groan—

I'll hear his last cry for that help that comes not—

I'll hear him call upon his wife and child—

I will not hear it.—(*stopping her ears.*)

Oh that my tightened heart had breath for prayer—

Mercy, oh mercy, Bertram.

(Another horn heard without, she starts and staggers towards the door ;—a noise of swords within).

Ald. (*within*) Off, villain, off—

Ber. Villain, to thy soul—for I am Bertram.

(Aldobrand retreating before Bertram, rushes on the stage, and falls at Imogine's feet.)

Ald. Let me die at her feet, my wife, my wife—

Wilt thou not staunch the life-blood streaming from me ?

Wilt thou not look at me ?—Oh save my boy (*dies*).

(Imogine at the name of her son, rushes off ;—Bertram stands over the body holding the dagger with his eyes fixed on it ;—The band fill up the back.

The curtain drops.

End of Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Chapel in the Convent of St. Anselm, the shrine splendidly illuminated and decorated. The Prior rising from before the altar.

Enter 1st Monk.

“ *Monk.* How gay and glorious doth our temple seem
“ Look round thee, father.

“ *Prior.* I feel no joy like that the faithful feel,
“ Viewing the glories of their holy place;
“ An horror of great darkness is upon me,
“ A fearful dread hath overwhelmed me.

“ *Monk.* Wherefore?

“ *Prior.* As at the shrine I knelt but now in prayer,
“ Nor sleep, nor waking, but a horrible vision
“ Fell on my tranced spirit, and I dreamed—
“ On the dark mountains was the vision wrought,
“ Of mist, and moonlight, mingling fitfully—
“ A brinded wolf did tear a struggling lion
“ While the cowed lioness stood trembling by—
“ I wist not what it meant, but in mine agony,
“ I prayed to be released, and as I woke
“ The echoes gave me back my slumbering cries—

“ *Monk.* 'Tis a good dream, and bodeth something
good.—

“ *Prior*. How sayest thou, good ?

“ *Monk*. I dreamed it on that night

“ Lord Aldobrand did from his castle come,

“ And blessed days of peace have followed it.—

“ *Prior*. Heaven grant they may !

“ *Monk*. Lo, where the knights approach.

Enter the Knights in solemn procession with the consecrated banner.

The Prior advances to meet them.

Prior. Hail ! champions of the church and of the
land,

The banner of our holy saint in fight

Full bravely have ye borne, and scatheless back,

From unblest weapon and from arm unholy,

Restored it to the power whose might struck for you—

The Music commences, the Knights and Monks advance in procession, the Prior bearing the banner, which he has received from the principal Knight.

Hymn.

Guardian of the good and brave

Their banner o'er thy shrine we wave—

Monk, who counts the midnight bead—

Knight, who spurs the battle steed,—

He, who dies 'mid clarion's swelling

He, who dies 'mid requiem's knelling—

Alike thy care, whose grace is shed

On cowed scalp and helmed head,—

Thy temple of the rock and flood

For ages 'mid their wrath has stood—

Thy midnight bell, through storm and calm

Hath shed on listening ear its balm.—

(The Hymn is interrupted by 3d Monk rushing in distractedly.)

3d Monk. Forbear—forebear—

Prior Why comest thou thus with voice of desperate fear,

Breaking upon our solemn ceremony?

3d Monk. Despair is round our walls, a wailing spirit

Yea, the mixt wailings of the infernal host

Burst deafeningly amid the shuddering blast—

No earthly lip might utterance give to such—

Prior. Thou'rt wild with watching, fear and loneliness,

In thy sole turret that o'erhangs the flood.

Of winds and waves, the strangely-mingled sounds

Ride heavily the night-wind's hollow sweep,

Mocking the sounds of human lamentation—

3d Monk. Hush, look, it comes again (*a scream*)

Prior. Defend us, heaven,

'Twas horrible indeed—'tis in our walls—

Ha, through the cloister there doth something glide

That seems in truth not earthly—

Imogene rushes in with her child, her hair dishevelled, her dress stained with blood.

Imo. Save me—save me—

Prior. Save thee, from what?

Imo. From earth, and heaven, and hell,

All, all are armed, and rushing in pursuit—

Prior. *Monks and knights gathering around, and speaking together.*

All. Who—what—what hath befallen thee? Speak.

Imo. Oh wait not here to speak, but fly to save him,

For he lies low upon the bloody ground—

Knight. She speaks in madness, ask the frightened boy,

Hath aught befallen his father?—

Imo. Ask him not—

He hath no father—we have murdered him—

Traitress and murderer—we have murdered him—

They'll not believe me for mine agony—

Is not his very blood upon my raiment?

Reeks not the charnel-stream of murder from me?

Prior and Monks vehemently. Impossible.

Imo. Aye, heaven and earth do cry, impossible,
The shuddering angels round th' eternal throne,
Vailing themselves in glory, shriek impossible,
But hell doth know it true—

Prior. (advancing to her solemnly.)

Spirits of madness, that possess this woman

Depart I charge you, trouble her no more,

Till she do answer to mine adjuration—

Who did the deed?—

Imogene sinks gradually from his fixed eye, till hiding her face, she falls on the ground in silence.

Knight. I do believe it, horrid as it seems—

1st Monk. I'd not believe her words, I do her silence.

Prior. (who has fallen back in horror into the arms of the monks, rushes forward)

Oh! draw your swords, brave knights, and sheathe them not—

“Slack not to wield the sword of Aldobrand,

Arise, pursue, avenge, exterminate

“With all the implements of mortal might,

“And all the thunders of the church’s curse”—

Exeunt tumultuously knights, monks, and attendants, the prior is following them, Imogene still kneeling grasps him by the robe.

Prior. (With mixt emotion, turning on her)

Thou art a wretch, I did so love and honour thee—

Thou’st broke mine aged heart—that look again—

Woman, let go thy withering hold—

Imo. I dare not—

I have no hold but upon heaven and thee.

Prior. (tearing himself from her)

I go, yet ere mine aged feet do bear me

To the dark chace of that fell beast of blood—

Hear thou, and—hope not—if by word or deed

Yea, by invisible thought, unuttered wish

Thou hast been ministrant to this horrid act—

With full collected force of malediction

I do pronounce unto thy soul—despair— [Exit.

Imo. (looking round on the chapel, after a long pause)

They’ve left me—all things leave me—all things
human—

Follower and friend—last went the man of God—

The last—but yet he went—

*Child.———*I will not leave thee—

Imo. My son, my son, was that thy voice—

When heaven and angels, earth and earthly things

Do leave the guilty in their guiltiness—
A cherub's voice doth whisper in a child's.
There is a shrine within thy little heart
Where I will hide, nor hear the trump of doom—

Child. Dear mother, take me home—

Imo. Thou hast no home—

She, whom thou callest mother left thee none—
We're hunted from mankind—(*sinking down*)
Here will we lie in darkness down together,
And sleep a dreamless sleep—what form is that—
Why have they laid him there? (*recoiling*)
Plain in the gloomy depth he lies before me
The cold blue wound whence blood hath ceased to
flow,

The stormy clenching of the bared teeth—
The gory socket that the balls have burst from—
I see them all—(*shrieking*)
It moves—it moves—it rises—it comes on me—
'Twill break th' eternal silence of the grave—
'Twill wind me in its creaking marrowless arms.
Hold up thy hands to it, it was thy father—
Ah, it would have thee too, off—save me—off—

(*Rushes out with the child.*)

Scene changes to the Castle—Prior enters alone—

Prior. His halls are desolate—the lonely walls
Echo my single tread—through the long galleries—
The hurrying knights can trace nor friend nor foe—
The murderer hath escaped—the saints forgive me,
I feel mine heart of weakness is come back,
Almost I wish he had—ha, here is blood—

Mine ebbing spirits lacked this stirring impulse—

Ho—haste ye here—the shedder must be near—

[*Enter the knights, monks, &c. supporting Clotilda.*

Knight. We found this trembling maid, alone,
concealed—

Prior. Speak—tell of Bertram—of thy lord—the
vassals—

Clot. Oh, give me breath, for I am weak with fear—
Short was the bloody conflict of the night—

The few remaining vassals fled in fear—

The bandits loaded with the castle's spoil—

Are gone—I saw them issue from the walls—

But yet I dared not venture forth, while Bertram—

All. Go on—go on—

Clot. He bore the murdered body—

Alone into yon chamber [pointing

I heard the heavy weight trail after him—

I heard his bloody hands make fast the door—

There hath he sat in dread society,

The corse and murderer are there together.

(*The Knights draw their swords, and rush towards the door.*

Prior. (*interposing*) Hold, champions hold, this
warfare is for me.

The arm of flesh were powerless on him now—

Hark how the faltering voice of feeble age

Shall bow him to its bidding. Ho, come forth

[striking the door.

Thou man of blood, come forth, thy doom awaits thee.

[Bertram opens the door, and advances slowly, his dress is stained with blood, and he grasps the hilt of a dagger in his hand—his look is so marked and grand, that the knights, &c. make room for him, and he advances to the front of the stage untouched.]

All. Who art thou?

Ber. I am the murderer—Wherefore are ye come?—

Prior.—This majesty of guilt doth awe my spirit—
Is it th' embodied fiend who tempted him
Sublime in guilt?

Ber. Marvel not at me—Wist ye whence I come?
The tomb—where dwell the dead—and I dwelt with
him—

Till sense of life dissolved away within me—

(Looking round ghastly.)

I am amazed to see ye living men,
I deemed that when I struck the final blow
Mankind expired, and we were left alone,
The corse and I were left alone together,
The only tenants of a blasted world
Dispeopled for my punishment, and changed
Into a penal orb of desolation—

Prior. Advance and bind him, are ye men and
armed?—

What, must this palsied hand be first on him?—

Advance, and seize him, ere his voice of blasphemy
Shall pile the roof in ruins o'er our heads—

Bar.—Advance, and seize me, ye who smile at
blood—

For every drop of mine a life shall pay—

I'm naked, famished, faint, my brand is broken—

Hush, mailed champions, on the helpless Bertram—

(They sink back)

Now prove what fell resistance I shall make.

(Throws down the hilt of his dagger.)

There—bind mine arms—if ye do list to bind them—

I came to yield—but not to be subdued—

Prior. Oh thou, who o'er thy stormy grandeur
flingest

A struggling beam that dazzles, awes, and vanishes—

Thou, who dost blend our wonder with our curses—

Why didst thou this?

Ber. He wronged me, and I slew him—

To man but thee I ne'er had said even this---

To man but thee, I ne'er shall utter more—

Now speed ye swift from questioning to death—

(They surround him.)

One prayer, my executioners, not conquerors---

Be most ingenious in your cruelty---

Let rack and pincer do their full work on me---

'Twill rouse me from that dread unnatural sleep,

In which my soul hath dreamt its dreams of agony---

This is my prayer, ye'll not refuse it to me---

(As they are leading him off, the prior lays hold of him)

Prior. Yet bend thy steeled sinews, bend and pray—

The corse of him thou'st murdered, lies within—

(A long pause)

Ber. I have offended Heaven, but will not mock

it—

Spare me your racks and pincers, spare me words.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A dark Wood, in the back Scene a Cavern, Rocks and Precipices above.—Imogene comes forward.

Imo. (Sighing heavily after a long pause.)

If I could waft away this low-hung mist

That darkens o'er my brow—

If I could but unbind this burning band

That tightens round my heart—

———— Or night or morning is it?

I wist not which, a dull and dismal twilight

Pervading all things, and confounding all things,

Doth hover o'er my senses and my soul—

[Comes forward shuddering:

The moon shines on me, but it doth not light me;

The surge glides past me, but it breathes not on me.

My child, my child, where art thou; come to me—

I know thou hidest thyself for sport to mock me—

Yet come—for I am scared with loneliness—

I'll call on thee no more, lo, there he glides—

And there, and there—he flies from me—he laughs—

I'll sing thee songs the church-yard spirits taught me—

I'll sit all night on the grey tombs with thee,

So thou wilt turn to me—he's gone—he's gone.

Enter Clotilda, Prior and Monks surrounding.

Clo. She's here—she's here—and is it thus I see
her?

Prior. All-pitying Heaven—release her from this
misery.

Imo. Away, unhand me, ye are executioners—
I know your horrible errand—who hath sent you?
This is false Bertram's doing—God—oh, God,
How I did love—and how am I requited—
Well, well, accuse me of what crime you will,
I ne'er was guilty of not loving thee—
Oh, spare the torture—and I will confess—
Nay, now there heeds it not—his look's enough—
That smile hath keener edge than many daggers.

[She sinks into Clotilda's arms.]

Clo. How could this wasted form sustain the toils—
Bearing her helpless child.

Imo. (starting up)

I was a mother—'twas my child I bore—
The murderer hung upon my flying steps—
The winds with all their speed had failed to match me.
Oh! how we laughed to see the baffled fiend
Stamp on the shore, and grind his iron teeth—
While safe and far, I braved the wave triumphant,
And shook my dripping locks like trophied banner.
I was a mother then.

Prior.

Where is thy child?

Clo. (Pointing to the cave into which she has looked)

Oh, he lies cold within his cavern-tomb—
Why dost thou urge her with the horrid theme?

Prior. It was to wake one living chord o' th'
heart,

And I will try—though mine own breaks at it—
Where is thy child?

Imo. (with a frantic laugh)

The forest fiend hath snatched him—

He rides the night-mare through the wizard woods.

Prior. Hopeless and dark—even the last spark
extinct.

Enter 3d Monk hastily.

Monk. Bertram—the prisoner Bertram—

Prior. ——— Hush—thou’lt kill her—

Haste thee, Clotilda,—holy brethren, haste;

Remove her hence—aye, even to that sad shelter—

[Pointing to the cave.

I see the approaching torches of the guard,

Flash their red light athwart the forest’s shade—

Bear her away—oh my weak eye doth fail

Amid these horrors——

[Imagine is torn to the cave, the Prior follows.

Manet last Monk—Enter a Knight.

“ *Knight.* Where is the prior?

“ *Monk.* In yonder cave he bides,

“ And here he wills us wait, for ’tis his purpose

“ Once more to parley with that wretched man:

“ How fares he now?

“ *Knight.* As one whose pride of soul

“ Bears him up singly in this terrible hour—

“ His step is firm—his eye is fixed—

“ Nor menace, nor reviling, prayers, nor curses

“ Can win an answer from his closed lips—

“ It pities me—for he is brave—most brave—

“ *Monk.* Pity him not.

“ *Knight.* Hush—lo, he comes——

[*A gleam of torch-light falls on the rocks, Bertram, Knights, and Monks, are seen winding down the precipices, the clank of Bertram's chains the only sound heard. They enter, Bertram is between two Monks, who bear torches.*]

1st Monk. Leave him with us, and seek the Prior,
I pray you.

Knight. (*aside to Monk*)

He yet may try escape. We'll watch concealed.

[*Exeunt all but Bertram and the two Monks.*]

1st Monk. Brief rest is here allowed thee—murderer, pause—

How fearful was our footing on those cliffs,
Where time had worn those steep and rocky steps—
I counted them to thee as we descended,
But thou for pride wast dumb—

Ber. I heard thee not—

2d Monk. Look round thee, murderer, drear thy
resting place—

This is thy latest stage—survey it well—
Lo, as I wave my dimmed torch aloft,
Yon precipice crag seems as if every tread
(Yea, echoed impulse of the passing foot)
Would loose its weight to topple o'er our heads—
Those cavities hollowed by the hand of wrath—
Those deepening gulfs, have they no horrible tenant?
Dare thine eye scan that spectred vacancy?

Ber. I do not mark the things thou tell'st me of.—

1st Monk. Wretch, if thy fear no spectred inmate
shapes—

Ber. (starting from his trance)

Cease, triflers, would you have *me* feel remorse?

Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon,
Speaks to the murderer with the voice of solitude.

1st Monk. Thou sayest true—

In cruelty of mercy will we leave thee—

[Exeunt Monks.]

Ber. If they would go in truth—but what avails it?

*[He meditates in gloomy reflection for some minutes,
and his countenance slowly relaxes from its stern
expression.]*

*[The prior enters unobserved, and stands opposite
him in an attitude of supplication, Bertram resumes
his sternness.]*

Ber. Why art thou here?—There was an hovering
angel

Just lighting on my heart—and thou hast scared it—

Prior. Yea, rather, with my prayers I'll woo it back.
In very pity of thy soul I come
To weep upon that heart I cannot soften—

[A long pause.]

Oh! thou art on the verge of awful death—

Think of the moment, when the veiling scarf

That binds thine eyes, shall shut out earth for ever—

When in thy dizzy ear, hurtles the groan

Of those who see the smiting hand upreared,

Thou canst but feel—that moment comes apace—

[Bertram smiles.]

But terrors move in thee a horrid joy,

And thou art hardened by habitual danger

Beyond the sense of aught but pride in death.

[Bertram turns away.]

Can I not move thee by one power in nature?
There have been those whom Heaven hath failed to
move,

Yet moved they were by tears of kneeling age.
[*Kneels.*

I wave all pride of ghostly power o'er thee—
I lift no cross, I count no bead before thee—
By the locked agony of these withered hands,
By these white hairs, such as thy father bore,
(Whom thou couldst ne'er see prostrate in the dust)
With toil to seek thee here my limbs do fail,
Send me not broken-hearted back again—
Yield, and relent, Bertram, my son, my son (*weeping*)
(*Looking up eagerly.*)

Did not a gracious drop bedew thine eye?

Ber. Perchance a tear had fallen, hadst thou not
marked it.

Prior. (*rising with dignity.*)
Obdurate soul—then perish in thy pride—
Hear in my voice thy parting angel speak,
Repent—and be forgiven—

(*Bertram turns towards him in strong emotion, when
a shriek is heard from the cavern, Bertram stands
fixed in horror.*)

Prior. (*stretching out his hands towards the ca-
vern.*)

Plead *thou* for me—thou, whose wild voice of horror,
Has pierced the heart my prayers have failed to
touch—

Ber. (wildly). What voice was that—yet do not
dare to tell me,
Name not her name, I charge thee.

Prior. Imogine—
A maniac through these shuddering woods she wanders,
But in her madness never cursed thy name.

(Bertram attempts to rush towards the cave, but stands stupified on hearing a shriek from the cavern. Imogine rushes from it in distraction, bursting from the arms of Clotilda, the Monks and Knights follow, and remain in the back ground.)

Imo. Away, away, away, no wife—no mother—
(She rushes forward till she meets Bertram, who stands in speechless horror.)

Imo. Give me my husband, give me back my child—
Nay, give me back myself—
They say I'm mad, but yet I know thee well—
Look on me—They would bind these wasted limbs—
I ask but death—death from thy hand—*that hand can*
deal death well—and yet thou wilt not
give it.

Ber. (gazing on her for a moment, then rushing to the prior, and sinking at his feet.)
Who hath done this? Where are the racks I hoped
for?

Am I not weak? am I not humbled now?
(Groveling at the Prior's feet, and then turning to the Knights.)

Hast thou no curse to blast—no curse for me—

Is there no hand to pierce a soldier's heart?

Is there no foot to crush a felon's neck?

Imo. (Raising herself at the sound of his voice.)

Bertram.

(He rushes towards her, and first repeats Imogene feebly, as he approaches, he utters her name again passionately, but as he draws nearer and sees her look of madness and desperation, he repeats it once more in despair, and does not dare to approach her, till he perceives her falling into Clotilda's arms, and catches her in his.)

Imo. Have I deserved this of thee?—(she dies slowly, with her eyes fixed on Bertram, who continues to gaze on her unconscious of her having expired.)

Prior. 'Tis past—remove him from the corse—

(The Knights and Monks advance, he waves them off with one hand still supporting the body.)

Prior. (to the Monks)—Brethren, remove the corse—

Ber. She is not dead—(starting up.)

She must not, shall not die, till she forgives me—

Speak—speak to me—*(kneeling to the corse)*

(Turning to the Monks)—Yes—she will speak anon—

(A long pause, he drops the corse.)

She speaks no more—Why do ye gaze on me—

I loved her, yea, I love, in death I loved her—

I killed her—but—I loved her—

What arm shall loose the grasp of love and death?

(The Knight, and Monks surround, and attempt to tear him from the body, he snatches a sword from one of the Knights, who retreats in terror, as it is pointed towards him. Bertram resuming all his former previous sternness, bursts into a disdainful laugh.)

Ber. Thee—again—*th* thee—oh, thou art safe—thou worm——

Bertram hath but one fatal foe on earth—
And he is here——*(stabs himself.)*

Prior. *(rushes forward.)* He dies, he dies.

Ber. *(struggling with the agonies of death.)*
I know thee holy Prior—I know ye, brether.
Lift up your holy hands in charity.

(With a burst of wild exultation.)

I died no felon death—

A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul—

THE END.

THE GIAOUR.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1950

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THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

A TURKISH TALE.



BY LORD BYRON.



“ One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws

“ It’s bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes—

“ To which Life nothing brighter nor darker can bring,

“ For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.”

MOORE.



LONDON:

Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars,

FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1813.

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON JANUARY 10, 1846

AND BY THE SENATE

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1846

AND BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1846

AND BY THE SENATE

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1846

AND

OF THE

LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

OF THE

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF MY ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;

MY RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

THE LOST CITY

THE LOST CITY OF THE
DESERT OF THE GREAT SANDS
HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE
AMERICAN ARMY AND THE
NAVY. THE CITY WAS
BUILT BY THE PHOENICIAN
TRADERS WHO WENT TO
THE DESERT TO TRADE
WITH THE ARABIA.

THE CITY

THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

The story which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly ; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “ olden time ;” or because the Christians have better luck, or less enterprize.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb * which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain—
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

* A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat
 Of island-pirate or Mainote;
 And fearful for his light caique
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed?
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound,
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side,
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast,

And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour *!
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface;
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye
 As meteor like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view, and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

* * * * *

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,
 But neither fled, nor fell alone;
 Woe to that hour he came or went,
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb;
 He came, he went, like the Simoom †,
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,

* Infidel.

† The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet—
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 And silver-sheathed ataghan *;
 The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green †:
 “Ho! who art thou?—this low salam ‡
 “Replies of Moslem faith I am.”

* The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

† Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

‡ Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian,

" The burthen ye so gently bear,
 " Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 " And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 " My humble bark would gladly wait.

" Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,
 " And waft us from the silent shore ;
 " Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 " The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
 " And midway to those rocks where sleep
 " The channel'd waters dark and deep.—
 " Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
 " Our course has been right swiftly run,
 " Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 " That one— * * * * *
 * * * * * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ;

" Urlarula," a good journey ; or *saban hiresem*, *saban serula* ; good morn, good even ; and sometimes, " may your end be happy ;" are the usual salutes.

I watch'd it as it sank, methought
 Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That checquer'd o'er the living stream—
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep,
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen * of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chace and wasted hour,

* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Then leaves him, as it soars on high
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid,
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Has lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Has brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?

No : gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shewn
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain.—
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire *;

* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for ex-

So writhes the mind by conscience riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!—

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's face his eyes,
 The unwonted chace each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
 That tale can only Hassan tell:
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away;

periment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

When Rhamazan's* last sun was set,
 And flashing from each minaret
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath,
 But she was flown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page;
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserv'd a grave:
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well;

* The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; and the illumination
 of the mosques, and firing of guns through the night, announce the
 Bairam; it lasts three days; and after a month's fast is pleasant
 enough.

But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's * trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed
 Was seen—but seen alone to speed
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well,
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath its lid,
 Bright as the gem of Giamschid †.
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;

* Phingari, the moon.

† The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "cup of the sun," &c.

Though on Al-Sirat's * arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed †
 Which saith, that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone—

* Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Avernî*," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

† A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

On her fair cheek's unfading hue,
 The young pomegranate's* blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new—
 Her hair in hyacinthine† flow
 When left to roll its folds below;
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train,
 Each arm'd as best becomes a man
 With arquebuss and ataghan;

* An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

† Hyacinthine, in Arabic, "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

The chief before, as deck'd for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few return'd to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pasha wore,
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold.—
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek

In cities lodg'd too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap,
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile;
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
 And their's may be a feast to-night,
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,
 And left a channel bleak and bare,
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there.
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,

By time or mountain lightning riven,
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last,
 " Bismillah *! now the peril's past ;
 " For yonder view the opening plain,
 " And there we'll prick our steeds amain :"
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head ;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground !

Scarce had they time to check the rein
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound,
 But three shall never mount again,
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,

The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbines bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,

* Bismillah—" In the name of God ;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Half shelter'd by the steed,
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
 Have well secur'd the only way
 Could now avail the promis'd prey;
 Then curl'd his very beard * with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.
 " Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 " I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."

* A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan.
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And issuing from the grove advance,
 Some who on battle charger prance.—
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,
 Far flashing in his red right hand?
 “ ’Tis he—’tis he—I know him now,
 “ I know him by his pallid brow;
 “ I know him by the evil eye *
 “ That aids his envious treachery;
 “ I know him by his jet-black barb,
 “ Though now array’d in Arnaut garb,

* The “evil eye,” a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

" Apostate from his own vile faith,
 " It shall not save him from the death;
 " 'Tis he, well met in any hour,
 " Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour !"
 * * * * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 That quivers round the faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore*,
 His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,

* The flowered shawls of Kashmeer, generally worn by persons of rank.

Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 “ But his shall be a redder grave ;
 “ Her spirit pointed well the steel
 “ Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 “ He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 “ Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :
 “ He call'd on Alla—but the word
 “ Arose unheeded or unheard.
 “ Thou Paynim fool !—could Leila's prayer
 “ Be pass'd, and thine accorded there ?
 “ I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
 “ The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 “ My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
 “ And now I go—but go alone.”

* * * * *

* * * * *

A turban * carv'd in coarsest stone,
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
 Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead;
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu†!"
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land—

* The turban—pillar—and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cimetry or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

† "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unaveng'd, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark Heaven of Hourî's eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright ;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave *,
 And welcome with a kiss the brave !
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel ! shalt writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkîr's † scythe ;

* The following is part of a battle song of the Turks :—" I see—I
 " see a dark eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a
 " kerchief of green ; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee,"
 &c.

† Monkîr and Nekîr are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom
 the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for
 damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up
 with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly sea-
 soned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these

And from its torment 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis' * throne ;
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—
 Around—within—thy heart shall dwell,
 Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!—
 But first, on earth as Vampire † sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent ;
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race,
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse ;

angels is no sinecure ; there are but two ; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

* Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

† The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes about these “ Vroucolochas,” as he calls them. The Romaic term is “ Vardoulacha,” which the worthy old traveller has thus transposed. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror.

Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the dæmon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall—
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn;
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony!
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip*,
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;

* The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Then stalking to thy sullen grave—
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer?

“ His features I have scann’d before

“ In mine own land—’tis many a year,

“ Since, dashing by the lonely shore,

“ I saw him urge as fleet a steed

“ As ever serv’d a horseman’s need.

“ But once I saw that face—but then

“ It was so mark’d with inward pain

“ I could not pass it by again;

“ It breathes the same dark spirit now,

“ As death were stamped upon his brow.

“ ’Tis twice three years at summer tide

“ Since first among our freres he came;

“ And here it soothes him to abide

“ For some dark deed he will not name.

" But never at our vesper prayer,
 " Nor e'er before confession chair
 " Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 " Incense or anthem to the skies,
 " But broods within his cell alone,
 " His faith and race alike unknown.
 " The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 " And here ascended from the coast,
 " Yet seems he not of Othman race,
 " But only Christian in his face :
 " I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 " Repentant of the change he made,
 " Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 " Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 " Great largess to these walls he brought,
 " And thus our abbot's favour bought ;
 " But were I Prior, not a day
 " Should brook such stranger's further stay,
 " Or pent within our penance cell
 " Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 " Much in his visions mutters he
 " Of maiden 'whelmed beneath the sea ;

" Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,
 " Wrongs aveng'd—and Moslem dying.
 " On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 " And rave as to some bloody hand
 " Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 " Invisible to all but him,
 " Which beckons onward to his grave,
 " And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * *

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plung'd within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;

Then tempered to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those, who shape it's edge, beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these it's form and tone is ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share—
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate,
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.

It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!

It is as if the desert-bird,*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream ;
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd ;
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void—
 The leafless desert of the mind—

The waste of feelings unemploy'd—
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun ?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—

* The Pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay ;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock !

* * * *

“ Father ! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 “ 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;
 “ To bid the sins of others cease,
 “ Thyself without a crime or care,
 “ Save transient ills that all must bear,
 “ Has been thy lot, from youth to age,
 “ And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 “ Of passions fierce and uncontroul'd,
 “ Such as thy penitents unfold,
 “ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 “ Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 “ My days, though few, have pass'd below
 “ In much of joy, but more of woe ;

" Yet still in hours of love or strife
 " I've scap'd the weariness of life ;
 " Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
 " I loath'd the languor of repose ;
 " Now nothing left to love or hate,
 " No more with hope or pride elate ;
 " I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 " Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 " Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 " Condemn'd to meditate and gaze ;
 " Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 " For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest—
 " Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil ;
 " And I shall sleep without the dream
 " Of what I was, and would be still,
 " Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam.

* * * * *

" I lov'd her, friar ! nay, adored—
 " But these are words that all can use—
 " I prov'd it more in deed than word—
 " There's blood upon that dinted sword—

- " A stain it's steel can never lose :
 " 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 " It warmed the heart of one abhorred :
 " Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 " Nor midst my sins such act record,
 " Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 " For he was hostile to thy creed !
 " The very name of Nazarene
 " Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,
 " Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,
 " Well wielded in some hardy hands ;
 " And wounds by Galileans given,
 " The surest pass to Turkish heav'n ;
 " For him his Houris still might wait
 " Impatient at the prophet's gate.
 " I lov'd her—love will find its way
 " Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
 " And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 " If passion met not some reward—
 " No matter how—or where—or why,
 " I did not vainly seek—nor sigh :

- " Yet sometimes with remorse in vain
 " I wish she had not lov'd again.
 " She died—I dare not tell thee how,
 " But look—'tis written on my brow !
 " There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 " In characters unworn by time :
 " Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—
 " Not mine the act, though mine the cause ;
 " Yet did he but what I had done
 " Had she been false to more than one ;
 " Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
 " But true to me—I laid him low ;
 " Howe'er deserv'd her doom might be,
 " Her treachery was truth to me ;
 " To me she gave her heart, that all
 " Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall ;
 " And I, alas ! too late to save,
 " Yet all I then could give—I gave—
 " 'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.
 " His death sits lightly ; but her fate
 " Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

" His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 " Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 " Deep in whose darkly boding ear *
 " The deathshot peal'd of murder near—
 " As filed the troop to where they fell!

* * * * * *

* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and enquired. " We are in peril," he answered. " What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves?"—" True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—" The shot!—not a tophaïke has been fired this morning."—" I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—" Psha."—" As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot; whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was

“The cold in clime are cold in blood,

“Their love can scarce deserve the name;

“But mine was like the lava flood

“That boils in Ætna’s breast of flame,

occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palao-castro*” man: “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkable stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephtes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

- “ I cannot prate in puling strain
“ Of ladye-love, and beauty’s chain ;
“ If changing cheek—and scorching vein—
“ Lips taught to writhe—but not complain—
“ If bursting heart, and mad’ning brain,
“ And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
“ And all that I have felt—and feel—
“ Betoken love—that love was mine,
“ And shewn by many a bitter sign.
“ ’Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
“ I knew but to obtain or die.
“ I die—but first I have possest,
“ And come what may, I *have been* blest ;
“ Even now alone, yet undismay’d,
“ (I know no friend, and ask no aid,)
“ But for the thought of Leila slain,
“ Give me the pleasure with the pain,
“ So would I live and love again.
“ I grieve, but not, my holy guide !
“ For him who dies, but her who died ;
“ She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,
“ Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,

“ This breaking heart and throbbing head
 “ Should seek and share her narrow bed.

* * * * *

“ Tell me no more of fancy’s gleam,
 “ No, father, no, ’twas not a dream ;
 “ Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
 “ I only watch’d, and wish’d to weep ;
 “ But could not, for my burning brow
 “ Throbb’d to the very brain as now.
 “ I wish’d but for a single tear,
 “ As something welcome, new, and dear ;
 “ I wish’d it then—I wish it still,
 “ Despair is stronger than my will.
 “ Waste not thine orison—despair
 “ Is mightier than thy pious prayer ;
 “ I would not, if I might, be blest,
 “ I want no paradise—but rest.
 “ ’Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then
 “ I saw her—yes—she liv’d again ;
 “ And shining in her white symar,*
 “ As through yon pale grey cloud—the star

* “ Symar”—Shroud.

- " Which now I gaze on, as on her
 " Who look'd and looks far lovelier ;
 " Dimly I view its trembling spark—
 " To-morrow's night shall be more dark—
 " And I—before its rays appear,
 " That lifeless thing the living fear.
 " I wander, father ! for my soul
 " Is fleeting towards the final goal ;
 " I saw her, friar ! and I rose,
 " Forgetful of our former woes ;
 " And rushing from my couch, I dart,
 " And clasp her to my desperate heart ;
 " I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
 " No breathing form within my grasp,
 " No heart that beats reply to mine,
 " Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine !
 " And art thou, dearest, chang'd so much,
 " As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?
 " Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
 " I care not—so my arms enfold
 " The all they ever wish'd to hold.
 " Alas ! around a shadow prest,
 " They shrink upon my lonely breast ;

" Yet still—'tis there—in silence stands,
 " And beckons with beseeching hands !
 " With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
 " I knew 'twas false—she could not die !
 " But he is dead—within the dell
 " I saw him buried where he fell ;
 " He comes not—for he cannot break
 " From earth—why then art thou awake ?
 " They told me, wild waves roll'd above
 " The face I view, the form I love ;
 " They told me—'twas a hideous tale !
 " I'd tell it—but my tongue would fail—
 " If true—and from thine ocean-cave
 " Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave ;
 " Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 " This brow that then will burn no more ;
 " Or place them on my hopeless heart—
 " But, shape or shade !—whate'er thou art,
 " In mercy, ne'er again depart—
 " Or farther with thee bear my soul,
 " Than winds can waft—or waters roll !—

* * * * *

* * * * *

" Such is my name, and such my tale,
 " Confessor to thy secret ear,
 " I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 " And thank thee for the generous tear
 " This glazing eye could never shed,
 " Then lay me with the humblest dead,
 " And save the cross above my head ;
 " Be neither name nor emblem laid
 " By prying stranger to be read,
 " Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."
 He pass'd—nor of his name and race
 Hath left a token or a trace,
 Save what the father must not say
 Who shrived him on his dying day ;
 This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he lov'd, or him he slew.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity ; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was

present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

**T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.**

POETICAL SKETCHES.

BY

LOGAN LOVEIT.

THE FOURTH EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY JOHN ORPHOOT, BLACKFRIARS WYND.

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1808.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

As every man must feel himself under the highest obligation to those who kindly notice him, where he is quite unknown : Or, as when the weary wanderer, having travelled over some vast desert, finds hunger, thirst, and fatigue overcome him, haply espies some hospitable shelter, where the calls of nature being assuaged, the generous host presses his stay awhile to seek repose : these friendly rites performed, — with cheerfulness in his countenance, gratitude in his bosom, and alacrity in his steps, the parting guest meditates his journey——Similar to his are the sensations of gratefulness and encouragement which I feel on being honoured with the patronage of the public.

L. L.



SONG,
MOURN, BRITANNIA,

Written to commemorate LORD VISCOUNT
NELSON.

Ye freeborn sons of Britain's isle,
Lament for Nelson, Albion's pride,
Who fought to guard his native soil,
And in the arms of vict'ry died.

CHORUS.

Mourn Britannia, Britannia mourn the hour,
That Nelson felt death's conq'ring pow'r,

Bewail a Patriot lost so dear,
Who scorn'd all danger when in war ;
At heart his Country's friend sincere,
And lov'd by ev'ry British tar.

CHORUS.

Mourn Britannia, Britannia mourn the hour
That Nelson felt Death's conq'ring pow'r

The terror of our foes was he ;
 Ne'er shall his brav'ry be forgot ;
 His deeds to rival ever be,
 Ye warriors all, your glorious lot.

CHORUS.

Mourn Britannia, Britannia mourn the hour,
 That Nelson felt Death's conq'ring pow'r.

Give to his name the laurels due ;
 His last command Fame loudly sing,
 " England expects each man to do
 " His duty." God defend our King.

CHORUS.

Mourn Britannia, Britannia mourn the hour,
 That Nelson felt Death's conq'ring pow'r.



MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

ON

LORD NELSON.

This fun'ral pile, ye Britons, viewing——weep ;
 HORATIO NELSON, once your boasted pride !
 Oft have the surges of the foaming deep,
 By his exploits, with crimson gore been dy'd.

Though short, yet full of glory was his race ;
 He for his Country bravely fought, and bled ;
 His lov'd remains now moulder in this place,
 The sacred mansions of the silent dead.

Triumphant Hero ! at thy honour'd shrine
 The humble Bard this grateful tribute pays ;
 In hist'ry's page thy glorious deeds shall shine,
 And crown thy bust with never-fading bays.



PEACE.

A CANTATA.

TUNE—" *Hail Columbia.*"

Let the tuneful lyre be strung,
 And each harmonious string resound,
 Blythe Echo join the blisful Song,
 Since Peace, at length, a place has found
 In Albion's isle,
 And Martial toil
 Has ceas'd to call her warrior sons

TUNE--*Washington's March.*"

All-hail, thy sweet return, O Peace !
 Henceforth, may war and discord cease,
 Which long have held all states in dread,

And host 'gainst host to battle led.
 Instead of direful war's alarms,
 May Plenty's all-diffusive charms
 O'er the wide universe be spread,
 And meagre Famine hide her head.

TUNE---"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

In truth and sacred amity,
 Ever may we coupled be,
 And war's effects no longer see,
 With baneful desolation.
 May arts and science flourish wide,
 With commerce smiling at their side ;
 These always are a Briton's pride,
 The glory of his nation.

BALLAD.

A Poet came into Montrose,
 In hopes that he might have grown rich ;
 Alackaday ! but to his loss
 As well might have slept in a ditch.

Chorus.

Listen to what I tell you,
 All ye men of rhyme,

Your genius surely will fail you,
If it is not curb'd in time.

This Bard first went to one
Then back again trudg'd to more,
Yet alas ! he could meet with none
Who deign'd to keep open door.

CHORUS.

Listen to what I tell you,
All ye men of rhyme,
Your genius surely will fail you,
If it is not curb'd in time.

Almost at his very wit's end now,
And scarce knowing how he should dine,
Next a sprightly Ballad he pen'd new,
To the praise of women and wine.

CHORUS.

Listen to what I tell you,
All ye men of rhyme,
Your genius surely will fail you,
If it is not curb'd in time.

B

It was thus that the Poet sung,
 'Tis Women rouse Men to great deeds ;
 And wine makes us relish a song,
 From Women's mind pleasure proceeds.

CHORUS.

Listen to what I tell you,
 All ye men of rhyme,
 Your genius surely will fail you,
 If it is not curb'd in time.

This ballad soon did for him
 What nothing before could do,
 The town was pleas'd with the whim,
 And his ballad soon purchas'd too.

CHORUS.

Listen to what I tell you
 All ye gay men of rhyme,
 Your genius most surely will fail you.
 If it is not curb'd in time.

SONG.

As lighted by the moon I stray
How pleasant are the thoughts that trace
The image of my love, Rothsay,
His tender mein, his manly grace.

He solely in my bosom reigns,
'Tis he alone has charms for me,
For him I've felt love's pleasing pains,
And true to him will ever be.

To win him vainly others strive,
He constant to his vow will be,
Nor will he change whilst I survive,
Nor wander e'en in thought from me.

What though sometimes I've been reserv'd,
Me Cupid chid when we did part ;
My confidence he has deserv'd,
And now to him I yield my heart.

SONG.

NANGY.

AH ! must we part ? Fond Hope, adieu !
Yet whilst I breathe I'll live for you.
Whilst life-blood flows within my veins,
Thy mem'ry I'll revere ;
For you I've felt love's pleasing pains,
And only you, my dear.

HENRY.

Let me clasp thee to my breast,
Charming, dearest, earthly treasure !
Meek-ey'd virgin ! source of pleasure !
Thus be lull'd my cares to rest.



SONG.

ENCHANTING Laura ! beauteous fair !
Unloose thy zone with graceful air,
And on me thy bright rolling eyes,
Oh ! fix, transport me to the skies.

Let me thy snowy neck around
My arms entwine, and at the sound
Of thy sweet voice, our spirits join,
Entranc'd, and wrapt in bliss divine.

Upon thy love-inspiring breast,
Gently soothe my cares to rest,
Whilst the tender turtle doves,
Coo responsive to our loves.

Press thy honied lips to mine,
Thy lily arms around me twine,
And let us gaze, and let us sigh,
Together live, together die.

Love sees what no eye sees ; Love hears what no ear hears ;
and what never entered the heart of man, Love conceives
for its object.——

LAVATER.

WHAT never mortal eye beheld,
Love, eagle-sighted, sees ;
And, quick as lightning, it adapts
A proper mode to please.

What never vibrated within
The ears of any one,
Love hears distinctly, yet a voice
Ne'er from the lips has gone.

What never enter'd either heart
Of woman, man, or child ;
That for its object love conceives,
As heaven undefil'd.

Warming, and cheering as the sun,
It has unbounded sway ;
But where, O! where is true love found ?
In realms of endless day.



SONNET,

ON AN AMIABLE LADY.

I've seen a maid more lovely far
Than any blushing rose ;
Her mental beauties richer are
Than ought I can disclose.

When the gay hours with her we spend,
The joys of Heav'n we taste ;
Too soon the visit's at an end,
And time too fast does haste.

And constant Faith beams from her eye,
Her manners soft as air ;
And dwells with her pure Charity,
A gift to find most rare.

Holy Hope, in all thy bowers,
For her strew thy choicest flowers.

ANACREONTIC.

QUICK, begone each anxious care,
Wine my breast inspire ;
Let me with Apollo's air,
Tune his heavenly lyre.
Cupid, all thy softness too,
Breathe throughout my song,
Whilst I hold to fancy's view
Thy harmonic throng.
Venus, lovely conquering queen,
At thy fane we kneel,
And enamour'd, here convene,
Thy desires to seal.
Bacchus, in this friendly hour,
Each bewitching maid
Turn, and by thy magic pow'r
Cause to woo the shade.
There entwin'd in beauty's arms,
At each thrilling kiss,
Melt our souls in glowing charms,
To a sea of bliss.

WILLIAM AND SALLY.

YOUNG William sweet Sally a long time had
courted,

Her heart had endeavour'd a long time to
gain,

Yet blythely she frolick'd, triumphantly sported,
And Cupid's sly arrows were seemingly vain.

For marriage her lover grew daily more pressing,
Which pleas'd her gay spirit, but coy still was
she,

So although in his Sally he center'd each blessing,
The youth was resolv'd from her chains to be
free.

Now quitting the village wherein he was reared,
He enter'd on board ship, which soon put
to sea ;

By each seaman was lov'd, he no danger feared ;
For cheerful and true to his duty was he.

Three weeks had pass'd over, the harbour since
leaving,

When "Sail O," was cry'd, and re-echo'd
again ;

"She hoists English colours, yet there's no
"believing

"A privateer's flag, to your guns, boys, a-
main !"

Soon as ended the Captain's speech, whizzing
a ball came,

Here comes the salute, boys, yet she cannot
board ;

The sea is too rough,—mind your helm, Jack,
although shame

Forbids us to run—be steady—fire, Orde !*

Thus battle began—and they fought full two
glasses,—

When another French vessel in sight did
appear :

The Captain requir'd, whether battle or peace
was

Their mind, since o'erpower'd by numbers,
not fear.

Of twenty-two men the crew only consisted,

Without musket, cutlass, or small arms at
all ;

* Gunner's name.

The odds were too great—so to fight they desisted,

And *strike* was the word, and your colours
down haul !

Imprison'd we leave them, and turn to poor
Sally,—

Bereft of her lover, all vanish'd her pride ;
The virgins each day would her lost spirits rally,
And daily in vain to forget him she try'd.

But Cupid, who wounded, at length gave her
ease,

And sent her dear William safe back to her
arms :

She vow'd to live only her lover to please,

And Hymen's soft raptures restor'd all her
charms.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

SEE, the moon's pale orb is rising,
Stars in brightest radiance shine ;
Nature sinks to rest, devising,
Lovers bless the hour divine.

Edwin lov'd a blooming virgin,
Beauteous as the op'ning rose ;
Not Flora, queen of all the flowers,
Equal sweetness could disclose.

Emma was a spotless maiden,
Cultivated well her mind ;
Art, combin'd with nature, form'd her
Model perfect of her kind.

Edwin was a youth of spirit,
Valour warm'd his manly breast ;
Honour, truth, and every virtue,
His gen'rous countenance exprest.

Fortune had her favours heaped
On Mercator, Emma's sire ;
Heiress she of his possessions,
Many a one did her admire.

Edwin sprung from noble parents,
 Who an orphan left him, young ;
 When this happen'd, Nature scarcely
 Had unloos'd his infant tongue.

Small, ah ! very small their means were,
 For their losses had been great ;
 At their death, the whole they left him,
 Was a neat freehold estate.

Riper years when he attained,
 This, by toil, he much improv'd ;
 Man's estate now having gained,
 Was by all his friends belov'd.

Love has lynx's eyes, and Emma
 Had observ'd in secret, long,
 Edwin's tender growing passion,
 Although she withheld her tongue.

Proper place nor time had suited,
 That his love he might reveal ;
 Chance at length this bliss afforded,
 Nor his mind he would conceal.

Trembling like an aspin, Emma
 Heard his am'rous ardent vows ;
 Pleas'd, the youth embrac'd her, fainting,
 Judg'd she would his cause espouse.

Right he judg'd : her heart approv'd him,
 Lov'd his sense, his person too ;
 Yet no hasty approbation
 Gave ; she check'd his wish to woo.

Emma's coyness only served
 To increase the fond desire ;
 Only serv'd his love to strengthen—
 Made him her the more admire.

By his truth o'ercome, the fair one
 Yielded—gave him her assent.
 In each other bless'd, they long liv'd ;
 And found in social life, content,



THE FRIEND.

A PORTRAIT.

GOOD-MORROW, Sir ! you're welcome to my
 house,

I'm at your service.—Pray, how fares your
 spouse?

I thank you, Sir : I hope this morning's post
 Will bring me news she's well ; but what I boast,

Is, that you seem so much my friend to be,
 I fear'd that you would scarce acknowledge me,
 And slight me, I'm so poor. Poor, did you say?
 I hope no footpad stopp'd you on the way!
 No, no, far worse : untoward trade is what
 Completely ruin'd me. Ah, friend ! and that
 Has ruin'd many a one : yet do not make
 Yourself uneasy. Since your ALL's at stake
 My proffer'd purse use. Pray, what will you
 take ?

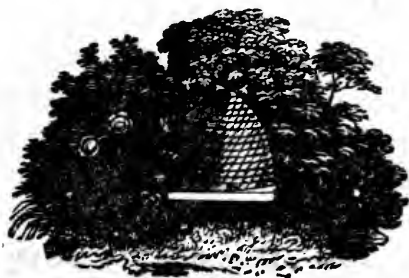
Is wine agreeable, or Burton ale :
 My port is bad, my beer is very stale,
 But take your choice. I'll—Dear ! how much
 it grieves me !

My wife is out, the keys she never leaves me :
 I hope you'll call again some other day :
 Will you to-night go with me to the play ?
 Perhaps 'twere better not—it may not suit
 Your finances ; yet I despise the brute,
 That would refuse a man he lov'd, tho' poor,
 A treat ; at six so meet me at the door.
 Now bus'ness calls me which I must attend :
 How griev'd I feel so soon to leave my friend !
 In this believe me, forc'd to bid adieu,
 I love no man on earth so well as you.
 A moment stay. Convinc'd you are my friend,
 Since you propos'd, a guinea will you lend ?

A guinea ! yes. Alack ! my money all
 Is lock'd within my desk ; I chanc'd let fall
 The key within this chink : See, look you here,—
 To-morrow call on me, and do not fear,
 I'll money have procur'd. But tell me true,
 Say, will ONE GUINEA be enough for you ?
 I think it would.—And money would you bor-
 row,

Be sure to call on me at Lloyd's to-morrow.
 My port is bad ! my beer is very stale !
 On those so friendly sentiments nor fail
 To meditate. Attend the playhouse door !
 To-night, Sir, know we part to meet as friends
 no more.

THE END.





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